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NOVEMBER 2, 1970

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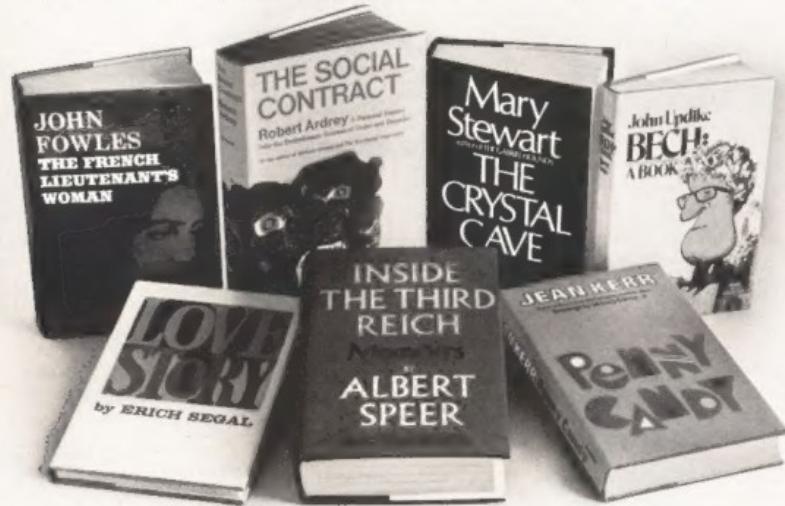
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## LETTERS

### Restless Shifting

Sir: We unyoung people can gratefully welcome the very fine historical perspective in Melvin Maddocks' Essay "Rituals—The Revolt Against the Fixed Smile" [Oct. 12]; it very nicely places us in the highly uncomfortable position of the "In-between Generation."

It also helps to clarify our restless shifting, sometimes toward "too much passion," and other times toward "too much reason," all done in our agonizing attempts to relieve the sharp discomfort of our unattractive in-between position.

If the article falls short of pointing to any specific case, path to follow, it at least avoids the futile error of advocating some "final solution."

SOL D. PRENSKY  
Brooklyn

Sir: It appears that the grasshoppers are going to score—at long last. And of course, the ants are yelling FOUL!

(SFC) JAMES O. GABBARD  
APO San Francisco

Sir: I am a Mason and have been a Boy Scout. I do not wander aimlessly about slack-jawed with a vapid grin on my face. I, and I am convinced many Americans, happen to believe that man, in common with other members of the animal kingdom, is faced with a continual struggle to stay alive.

This is not a complaint but a simple statement of fact. All that the Masons, the Boy Scouts and others of that persuasion attempt to do is to lift this struggle somewhat above the level of the junc-

gle—to make man stand just a little straighter.

LLOYD C. SCHUETT  
Wauwatosa, Wis.

### Hollow Answers

Sir: The President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography [Oct. 12] can argue and delve forever, but their answers will be hollow ones.

Man must listen to his higher nature to tell him what is offensive to the spirit.

A nation giving full license to pornographers can only be on its way down.

ZENA ATTRILL  
San Gabriel, Calif.

Sir: Laws aimed at controlling the adult's consumption of pornography are a waste of public money and police time.

No book ever forced itself on an offended reader. No movie theater shanghai its audience. Anyone old enough to vote has the right—the duty, in fact—to decide for himself what books he will read, what films and pictures he will look at.

Must we grown-up Americans depend on Big Brother Government to control our minds and our tastes—at the cost of our own tax dollars? Rather let that money be spent to hire more policemen to patrol our streets, not our bookstores, and to pay the police a salary commensurate with the danger and difficulty of their work. This would do more to prevent sex crimes than all the censorship laws on the books.

NORMA S. HASS  
Dundee, Ill.

Sir: While the Scranton Commission was calling for renewed "moral" leadership, the Pornography Commission was holding morality "irrelevant" for adults. Perhaps we need a Commission on the Relevancy of Morality?

TOM S. FITZSIMONS  
Kensington, Md.

### Spirologists

Sir: Some Spiro watchers, dazzled to find their prejudices suddenly in vogue, scintillate with satisfaction. They urge Spiro on to greater efforts as he skewers and roasts fellow citizens, and renders ineffectual attempts at reconciliation within his own party [Oct. 12].

It is unfit behavior for the Vice President of the U.S., who represents all of the people. It is sickening to watch so-called leaders make political hay out of society's ills. It is more sickening to watch people who will suffer because of these ills applaud these suicidal rites.

NELL K. SPITZ  
Monmouth, Ill.

Sir: The man who has replaced Mickey Mouse on the face of a watch now wants to rewrite the membership of his own party. Why doesn't he rename the party after himself: Spiro Agnew's Party (SAP)?

DIANE JOHNSON  
Downey, Calif.

Sir: My! My! What a lot of thin-skinned whiners we have these days complaining about "Agnew's acerbatics." These light-weight intellectuals and assorted birdbrains are the very ones who for 30-plus years now have voted blindly for exactly those who have brought the nation to its pres-



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# David's IQ is 145.

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It's easy to look back at his performance and to understand what happened. He set it up to fail. He never did any homework outside of the class, and when he was in the classroom he spent most of his time doodling or looking out the window. He had an excuse for every poor grade he ever had. But so did the majority of the 500,000 students who failed out of college last year.

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that are foreign to each other.

David's parents have to value achievement, because David fears success. In David's mind, achievement is a pretty threatening issue. It represents some things that David has been avoiding for many years. Things like vocational choice, commitment, independence (real, not verbal), and most threatening of all, the future.

David's parents have to accept the fact that they are not to blame for his underachievement. They didn't hold a gun to his head and tell him not to produce. But they also have to accept the fact that David's underachievement is a rather serious problem and one that they cannot solve for him.

David's parents have to seek professional help for David. They must seek out a competent professional person who can help them understand in *specific* terms why David is underachieving and then recommend a *specific* treatment of choice for David.

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ent parlous state. They can't stand a few blunt truths, can they?

T.P. CHITTENDEN  
Edmonds, Wash.

Sir: I am constantly amazed by some Americans' insistence that the Vice President should be the only American to be deprived of his right to speak. Do you really elect a Vice President with the understanding that once elected he is to become a total ghost for the duration of his public office tenure?

JEAN HUGHES  
Cincinnati

Sir: Why not institute a special honorary(?) degree, say an M.O., Master of Opportunism, in recognition of the special mission that Vice President Spiro Agnew is performing with such relish?

WILLIAM H. FRANKHAUSER  
Coldwater, Mich.

## Che in Theory

Sir: In your article on Che Guevara [Oct. 12], you state that "critics with less sympathy attribute much of the present wave of bombings, kidnaps and cop killings to an obsession with Che's emphasis on immediate, almost mindless action." Che, at least in theory, did not believe in terrorism. He wrote that "terrorism is of negative value, that it by no means produces the desired effects, that it can turn a people against a revolutionary movement, and that it can bring a loss of lives to agents out of proportion to what it produces." He goes on to state, though, that assassins (in special cases) of leaders who are against the revolution are justified.

PAT HARLESS  
Fullerton, Calif.

Sir: This fellow was a paranoid, overheated Latin—a psychotic killer-type of "sick" person who wanted to kill everybody around him. He is better buried. God, we have enough of his kind around these States beating their chests.

CHESTER G. MILLER  
West Los Angeles, Calif.

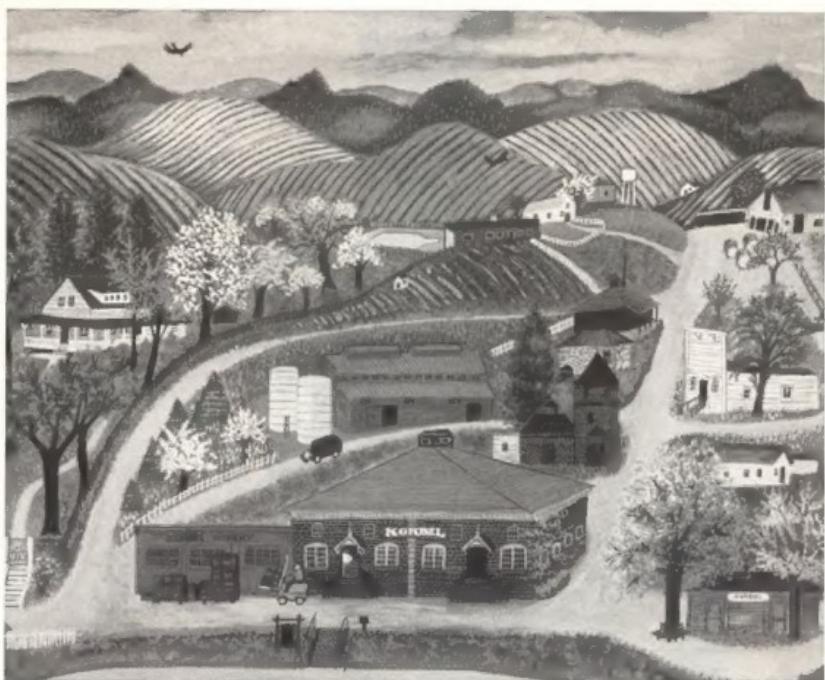
## Prejudicial Error

Sir: In your article on Angela Davis, "The Fugitive" [Aug. 31], you commit the same prejudicial error President Nixon committed when he announced his opinion on the guilt of Charles Manson. You say: "Some of his radical supporters seemed to be . . . proclaiming her guilt." To support this gratuitous charge, you cite statements from Black Panther Huey Newton and Panther Attorney Charles Garry. Actually neither of those statements proclaimed her guilty of anything. Newton's comment was taken from the funeral eulogy given for the Panthers killed in the Marin County courtroom breakout and did not mention Miss Davis at all. The Garry statement, while mentioning her, does not pass on her guilt.

MARSHAL A. PHILLIPS  
Hollywood

## The Only Way

Sir: Re "Taxpayers to the Barricades" [Oct. 12]: if school officials will listen, they will find that the average taxpaying voter is saying—in the only way he feels may get attention—that we are not getting full value for the amount of money being spent. We need smaller classes, with less emphasis on fancy buildings and more



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concern that our children get the education they will need to become taxpaying voters themselves some day.

JODI CORRIE  
Roswell, N.Mex.

Sir: In reporting that school tax increases are being defeated repeatedly in St. Louis suburban districts you incorrectly blame the situation on a taxpayers' revolt.

The real culprit is a Missouri law requiring a two-thirds majority of yes votes for passage of a tax for any amount over \$3.75 per \$100 assessed valuation.

The rural-dominated Missouri legislature refuses to change this unfair law. Our hopes now rest with the U.S. Supreme Court. If the court applies the "one-man-one-vote" principle and rules in favor of a simple majority, Missouri's law will be crossed off the books.

(MRS.) DOROTHY C. POOR  
Clayton, Mo.

### Wishful Thinking

Sir: Lest your article [Oct. 12] give the wrong impressions, my repeatedly stated position is: 1) It is wishful thinking to speak, as President Nixon and Arthur Burns do, of getting our sluggish economy back to full employment in 1971, for that would require force-feeding of the economy and touching off a new wave of inflation. 2) It makes much more sense to aim at full employment by the end of 1972. 3) Under present Administration policies, we won't even reach that modest target. 4) To do so calls for more aggressive policies to ease and lower interest rates, a positive budget policy, and a genuine White House effort to achieve wage and price restraint.

WALTER W. HELLER  
Regents Professor of Economics  
University of Minnesota,  
Chairman of President's Council  
of Economic Advisors 1961-64  
Minneapolis

### The Judge

Sir: I was a second lieutenant in World War II, fighting the Japanese. If were the judge, I would find Lieut. Calley [Oct. 12] guilty and sentence him as follows: I sentence you to four years at Harvard University, I sentence you to 15 years of social work, helping your fellow man; I sentence you to a lifetime of probation to prove that you really want to better this miserable society that made you do "your duty."

JOSEPH T. WOOTTON  
San Francisco

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## Poverty. A photographic comment.

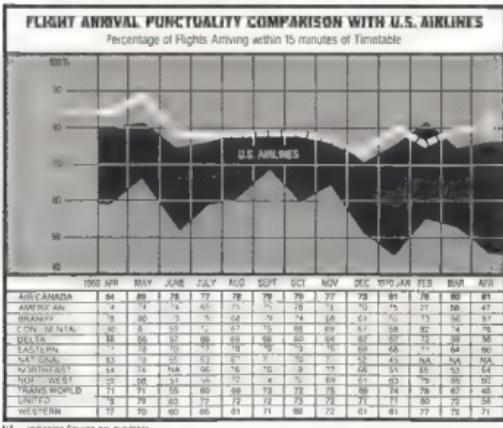


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# TIME

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER  
Nov. 2 1970 Vol. 96 No. 18

## THE NATION

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### The Good Newspaper

Spiro Agnew, among others, has observed that the nation's media are dominated by doom and crisis, good news is no news, it seems. Now, for the Vice President and other frustrated optimists there is hope—in the form of a forthcoming Sacramento weekly called *The Aquarian Times*, billed by Publisher Bill Bailey, a former adman, as "America's first good-news newspaper." The *Times* will ban ads for cigarettes and skin flicks. The first issue, ready next week, will list stocks—but only those that have gone up. The lead story will report that in the U.S. last year 196,459,483 people did not commit a crime, 4,896,720 college students took no part in riots or demonstrations, and 201,489,710 Americans did not use illegal drugs.

Bailey may have trouble keeping his good-news columns full. *Saturday Review* frequently tried a "Good News" section in the early 1950s, but the Rev. Dr. Donald Harrington, a Unitarian Universalist minister in Manhattan who was the column's last editor, says it folded for lack of "easy access" to the kind of upbeat items he wanted.

#### What's in a Symbol

*American Opinion* magazine, published by John Birch Society Founder Robert Welch, compared the familiar peace symbol to an anti-Christian "broken cross" carried by the Moors when they invaded Spain in the 8th century. A recent national Republican newsletter noted an ominous similarity to a symbol used by the Nazis in World War II; some experts say it was a letter in an ancient Nordic alphabet. Any resemblance, however, is probably coincidental. The peace design was devised in Britain for the first Ban-the-Bomb Aldermaston march in 1958. The lines inside the circle stand for "nuclear disarmament." They are a stylized combination of the semaphore signal for *N* (flags in an upsidedown V) and *D* (flags held vertically, one above the signaller's head and the other at his feet).

Now the peace hieroglyphic is ubiquitous. It has appeared hanging around the necks of G.I.s in Viet Nam; on a fast-selling line of women's dresses; fashioned into belt buckles, cuff links, rings and tie clasps. Lately, two firms have tried separately to register the symbol

as a commercial trademark (the U.S. Patent Office has ruled that out). An Alexandria, Va., firm is now marketing a clip-on typewriter key bearing the symbol. One prospective customer is Sally Sanders, a reporter for the Redding, Conn., *Pilot*. She plans to type it at the end of her copy instead of the traditional "30."

#### Supporting Your Local Police

It is a commonplace among policemen these days to complain that the public is too indifferent about the recent wave of officers killed by snipers and ambushers. Cleveland's men in blue found out otherwise last week. After the unprovoked killing of Patrolman Joseph Tracz, the Cleveland chapter of the Fraternal Order of Police took a full-page ad in the local papers. Next to a large police badge pierced by a bullet, the copy said, "In our minds there is one whale of a difference between being injured or killed while enforcing the law and the rap idly emerging pattern of cop killing and guerrilla warfare." A mailing coupon at the bottom read: "I agree that something must be done about the senseless attacks upon policemen right now. I am in full support of the Cleveland policemen." The response has been enormous, something like 65,000 coupons have come in from all over the country. Money was not asked for, but \$500 turned up in the first 2,000 letters opened; it will be turned over to charity. Some of the letters of support were sent from the black ghetto where Tracz died.

**A calm, rational statement to the people of Cleveland.**

**Before  
all hell breaks loose.**



FRATERNAL ORDER OF POLICE AD



AT THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

## To the Polls:

**RICHARD NIXON**, political analyst, is always the best explicator of Richard Nixon, political performer. While moving into the grand finale of his party's 1970 campaign, he made clear why he is making the most vigorous presidential effort ever in a mid term election. "I think that this campaign will be determined in the next two weeks. I have never seen so many close races, close races in all fields. In a close race, we want momentum on our side. So let's move. Let's go!"

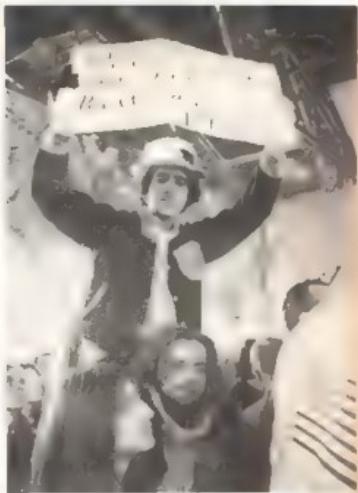
In the campaign's penultimate week, politicians in both parties sensed an extraordinary proportion of voters still undecided. To Nixon, this uncertainty—some call it apathy—represents opportunity. With the Democrats lacking national leadership, the President is able to define issues as the G.O.P. would have them, and with little contradiction. He monopolizes news-media coverage. He injects excitement into stale contests that have evoked ennui. Hence the President will have covered at least 22 states in the campaign's final 21 days. Last week he sent Pat to Michigan, Minnesota, Florida and Nevada; Spiro Agnew continued to sweep across the country juggernaut-style, scouring radio lots (see Essay).

**Slamming Lines.** The President offers an appropriate contrast to his Vice President. Throughout the campaign, Agnew has dealt in invective and named individual opponents; last week he said that Adlai Stevenson III had "demeaned his great name." Nixon attacks on a higher plane, treating the opposition as an abstract mass guilty of collective failure. He individually identifies only his honored Republicans.

Through seven Midwest, Border and



NIXON WITH NEW YORK CITY FIREMEN



RON HECKLER IN NEW JERSEY

## Permissiveness v. Purse

southern states last week. Nixon sounded his theme. He has sealed down the war, and needs Republican support to continue that progress. He wants "new programs to reform America," and needs Republicans to enact them. He wants to stop inflation, but the "runaway spending binge" perpetrated by Democrats hampers him. The only solution is to defeat the "big spenders."

These and other issues, however, are merely a preface to the big punch, attacks on crime, violence and permissiveness. Nixon saves the last third of each speech for the slamming lines that get the biggest applause. He cites a specific atrocity or two by the radical left—"campus bombing, an assault on policemen—and then declares: "It is time to draw the line." How? "I say it time to give us men in the House and the Senate who will vote for strong laws to deal with law-and-order rather than against them."

Foul-Mouthed Foils. Thoughts and phrases from the 1968 campaign appear again and again. Nixon still wants judges who will strengthen "the peace forces as against the criminal forces." One vital circumstance has changed. Two years ago, Nixon was rarely the target of foul-mouthed hecklers. Now they are a constant feature, and Nixon welcomes them as foils. In a recent New Jersey appearance, police tried to bar a handful of demonstrators. Ron Walker, Nixon's chief advance man, told the police to let the protesters in. In speech after speech, Nixon recalls that obscenities—and in one case, rocks—have been hurled at him by "the vicious minority." The President then admonishes: "Don't engage in violence against them. You don't have to shout four-letter obscenities. But it is

time for the great Silent Majority of Americans to stand up and be counted.

The approach is straightforward, aimed directly at popular resentment and apprehension over radical assaults on civic peace. There is no discussion of the complexities of extremist activity, no attempt at serious discrimination between the merely irksome and the really violent among dissenters. Nor is there much of a Democratic rebuttal at the national level. Most of the Democrats' strongest spokesmen are tied down in their own individual Senate races.

Merely by performing his proper duties last week, Nixon was able to interrupt his campaigning and still dominate stage center. First he conferred with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Then he addressed the United Nations *(see The World)*. Finally, he set an E-shaped dinner table for 29 world leaders, the biggest gathering of its kind in White House history. Various dietary restrictions ruled out many dishes. Chef Henry Haller settled on Columbia River salmon and squash. Split-second timing was necessary to assure the proper sequence of arrivals in ascending order of diplomatic precedence. It did not work. Chiefs of state and heads of government arrived helter-skelter at the White House gates.

Sharp Jag. Lawrence O'Brien, Democratic national chairman, did strike one retaliatory blow last week. "It's outrageous to suggest," he said, "that somehow Democrats in Congress and Democrats generally condone violence and extremism and do not support law-and-order and justice." He would not dream of implying, he said in Washington that the increasing crime rates of the past two years were caused by a Re-

publican Administration. Recalling the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy, O'Brien said: "We know violence and extremism. We have experienced it. We have lived with it. And we abhor it." Then he tried to shift attention back to the Democrats' best talking point of the fall: the economy and unemployment. For once the headlines were cooperating with the Democrats. The cost-of-living index for September showed a sharp jag upward that, coupled with other factors, reduced spendable income (*see Business*). Moreover, unemployment, while not high when compared with previous slack periods, is worse now than during most of the past decade. In addition, it is affecting a broader spread of the population, including professionals and skilled workers on whom the Republicans have been counting for strong support.

It seems unlikely that Nixon's attempt to blame economic troubles on the Democrats will succeed. Johnsonian fiscal programs produced inflation, but it is the Republican antidote, however necessary, that has cut profits and jobs. Therefore the key to the campaign is whether voters have been aroused enough over violence and dissent to put aside their unhappiness over pocketbook issues. The President has banked on that. The powerful campaign mounted by Nixon and Agnew has succeeded at least to the extent of keeping the Democrats on the defensive.

There is a gamble in Nixon's decision to commit himself so heavily, but it seems a shrewd one. If the Republicans sustain serious setbacks, he will suffer a blow to his prestige. However, losses in a mid-term election are likely to be soon forgotten or explained away, while any gain in strength will be a boost for Nixon, allowing the President to claim that he has won a national referendum on his policies.

## The Struggle for the Statehouses



CLOUD



GILLIGAN

**T**HIE glories of being a Governor have largely passed away. No Governor since Franklin Roosevelt has gone on to the presidency, a wise man who covets the White House today aims for the spotlights that play on the Senate. Though the men in the statehouses continue to wield enormous power over patronage and purse strings, their public careers are in constant peril due to the generally parlous condition of state finances and the rising demand for state services.

For all that, the gubernatorial stakes are unusually high in 1970. Governors will be in control as congressional districts are redrawn to conform with the 1970 census data. Thus a big Reagan win in California could translate into as many as ten more Republicans in the House of Representatives when the nation's most populous state is redistricted. A victory in fast-growing Florida is worth perhaps three congressional seats to the party incumbent in Tallahassee next year.

**Somewhere to Go.** Looking to 1972 and beyond, there are less tangible but equally important White House stakes involved. The Republicans now govern 32 states; the Democrats only 18, and of the 35 being contested this year, 24 are Republican. Therefore, the Republican risk—through simple mathematical vulnerability—is great, and each loss, particularly in key industrial states, will subtract from the organizational muscle that the President will need for his expected 1972 re-election bid. In his concentration this year on the House and, above all, the Senate races, Nixon only belatedly began to lend help to Republican gubernatorial contenders.

As Nixon has the most to lose, so the Democrats have the most to gain—and not merely in numbers. For the Democrats, there are four crucial statehouse elections—those in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Florida. All are populous states with large blocks of electoral votes, and if the Democrats could capture them, they would have a fresh and formidable base upon which to build for 1972 Democratic hopefuls such as Muskie, McGovern and Bayh would have somewhere to go for funds and for national attention, from these four key states.

the shattered Democrats might begin a modest renaissance. If New York could be miraculously snatched away from Nelson Rockefeller, the equation would be infinitely strengthened.

A rundown of these five key contests and three others of special interest:

**OHIO** In assessing his party's nominee for Governor, an Ohio Republican recently referred to Roger Cloud as "a nice guy, but when he walks into a room, nothing happens." Cloud has walked into a political race where nothing good, from his standpoint, will happen either. Fallout from a state-loan scandal has crippled State Auditor Cloud and the rest of the G O P ticket. At the campaign's outset, Cloud unsuccessfully demanded that two of his running mates, who had accepted political contributions from borrowers of state funds, withdraw. Former Congressman John J. Gilligan, a liberal Democrat, is expected to win easily despite Cloud's needling of him as "Tax-a-billion Gilligan." So heavily do the Republican scandals weigh on Ohio political scales this year that Democrats have a clear shot at control of a vital state.

**PENNSYLVANIA** Hubert Humphrey could explain the impossibility of shucking identity with an unpopular Administration. An ardent listener would be Lieutenant Governor Raymond J. Broderick of Pennsylvania, who is striving



BRODERICK



SHAPP

to move up a notch and to dissociate himself from unpopular Governor Raymond P. Shafer in the process. Republican Shafer will leave the state in fiscal shambles, with new taxes a prospect. The campaign of Broderick against Millionaire Milton J. Shapp, a Democrat, revolves around the problem of where to get the needed revenues, and Broderick begins his speeches by declaring: "I am the candidate who is against a personal income tax." Shapp hinted early on that he was agreeable to such a tax, but the flack was so heavy that he has since vacillated. Shapp's polls show him far ahead, but political experts see the race as extremely close. Hitting hard the law-and-order theme, Republicans will flood the state with brochures claiming that Shapp helped bail out Chicago convention demonstrators, which Shapp denies.



LEVIN



MILLEKIN

**MICHIGAN** Widespread unemployment, in large measure due to the strike against General Motors, has idled 180,000 workers in Michigan. The economic distress is an inhibiting factor in Governor William Milliken's campaign. He was the favorite to win in November under his indecisiveness and the strike combined to boost his opponent, Sander Levin, a former Democratic state chairman. Still, Milliken is a slight favorite—unless popular Democratic Senator Phil Hart has coattails long enough to sweep up Levin.



NELSON ROCKEFELLER



GOLDBERG

**NEW YORK** For weeks, Democrat Arthur Goldberg's campaign had pleased only his opponents—and New York insomniacs. Attempting to unseat three-term Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller, the pompous and verbose Goldberg inspired only an apt characterization that is a campaign cliché: "Yesterday I spent a week with Arthur Goldberg." But things began to steam last week as the usually decorous Goldberg responded to a Rockefeller charge with the earthy observation that "Rockefeller is full of bullshit." Pardon? "You can quote me," fumed Goldberg to startled reporters. "I want you to quote me."

Rockefeller had brought Goldberg to a boil by charging that his foe had promised a \$70,000-a-year job to a leading New York Democrat in exchange for a Goldberg endorsement. Clearly startled by the fury of Goldberg's reply, Rockefeller said, "I did not mean it in a disparaging or derogatory way."

It was not Rocky's best week. New York Mayor John Lindsay, nominally a Republican, endorsed Goldberg. The action was in part tit for tat, since the Governor had endorsed Lindsay's Re-

publican opponent in last year's mayoralty contest. Lindsay's action came only a day after Rockefeller had advised him to remain neutral.

By his endorsement, Lindsay eased the way toward his own possible switch to the Democratic Party. There his political future might be brighter than in the Republican Party. Lindsay's declaration that he acted on principle and his charge that Rockefeller has drifted to the right provoked a sneer from Rockefeller: "Absurd—a complete distortion and misrepresentation of the facts." The Governor's public display of pique gave currency to the view that for the first time, Rockefeller clearly hears Goldberg's footsteps. Last week Rockefeller produced his own poll, showing him with a slender 2% lead.



KIRK

ASKEW

**FLORIDA** Democratic chances to take over a large state's gubernatorial chair now occupied by a Republican seem unexpectedly bright in Florida. Rambunctious and resilient Governor Claude Kirk split the party when he lured rejected Supreme Court Nominee G. Harold Carswell into a Republican primary for the Senate, whereas Democrats are displaying uncommon unity behind Reubin Askew, a teetotaling Presbyterian elder whose favorite "hobby," he says, is going to church. Askew accuses Kirk of "government by crisis," inept fiscal management and a 45% increase in property taxes. Kirk's countermeasures are characteristic. Askew is an ultra liberal and a "Goody Two-shoes powder puff." The race is considered close.



WIN ROCKEFELLER

BUMPERS

**ARKANSAS** After two terms as Arkansas' first Republican Governor since 1874, Winthrop Rockefeller, referred to by Democrats as "the New York cowboy," is being hard pressed in his fight to

win a third Democrat Dale Bumpers, a Sunday-school teacher and political neophyte who polished off former six-term Governor Orval Faubus in the primary. Bumpers is conducting a low-key campaign almost as if he were certain of victory. By contrast, Rockefeller is covering the state in jet-powered helicopters and spending money in the Rockefeller manner in a sometimes frenetic bid to stay in office. As Nov. 3 draws near, there appears to be little chance that he will



UNRUH

REAGAN

**CALIFORNIA** The most populous state seems certain to remain the preserve of Republican Ronald Reagan, who has outcharmed, outfoxed and outspent his dogged Democratic foe, longtime speaker of the California assembly, and until he shed 100 lbs., the "Big Daddy" of California politics, Jess Unruh. Four years ago, Reagan saddled the Democrats with the responsibility for tumult on the campuses, and the saddle—despite four years of Reagan rule—remains firmly affixed to his foes. Although he is way ahead, Reagan warns his confident supporters that "I don't want to be the Tom Dewey of 1970" and hits hard. He warns of the "barbarians among us," and invokes praise for the police to "help hold back the jungle and the jungle creatures." He promises to "provide what force is necessary" to keep peace on the campuses. Financially strapped, Unruh has been unable to buy a single television commercial, generates free time for himself by leading cameramen to "news confrontations" on the lawns of wealthy Reagan backers. Painting Reagan as the servant of vested California interests, accusing him of profiteering to the tune of \$1,000,000 in a private real estate transaction, Unruh of late has been making waves, none of them powerful enough to engulf the popular Governor.

**Broom Wielding.** In these and numerous other races this year, the outcome may hinge on quixotic turns. In Texas, bumbling incumbent Democrat Preston Smith was conducting a listless campaign until a broom-wielding student approached him on a speakers' platform at the University of Houston. In Massachusetts, Democrat Kevin White aroused the interest of the electorate not at all until he went into the hospital with a perforated stomach ulcer. Smith is the favorite in Texas, and White's physical and political health are both reported improving.

## Voice of Reason: Eric Sevareid

Last week in Chicago, Vice President Agnew proposed that television news commentators be publicly examined on their "underlying philosophy" by a panel of Government officials. On the CBS Evening News, Eric Sevareid replied:

WHAT really hurts is the thought that maybe nobody's been listening all this time. If, after some 10 years and thousands of broadcasts, hundreds of articles and a few books, one's general cast of mind warts and all, remains a mystery, then we're licked and we fail to see how a few more minutes of examination by Government types would solve the supposed riddle.

Mr. Agnew wants to know where we stand. We stand—or rather sit—right here, in the full glare, at a disadvantage as against politicians. We can't cast one vote in committee, an opposite vote on the floor, can't say one thing in the North, an opposite thing in the South. We hold no tenure four years or otherwise, and can be voted out with a twist of the dial.

We can't use invective and epithets can't even dream of impugning the patriotism of leading citizens, can't reduce every complicated issue to yes or no, black or white, and would rather go to jail than do bodily injury to the English language. We can't come down on this side or that side of each disputed public issue because we're trying to explain far more than advocate and because some issues don't have two sides some have three, four or half a dozen and in these matters we're damned if we know the right answer. This may be why most of us look a bit frazzled while Mr. Agnew looks so serene.

Nobody in this business expects for a moment that the full truth of anything will be contained in any one account or commentary, but that through free reporting and discussion, as Mr. Walter Lippmann put it, the truth will emerge. The central point about the free press is not that it be accurate, though it must try to be, not that it even be fair, though it must try to be that; but that it be free. And that means freedom from any and all attempts by the power of Government to coerce it or intimidate it or police it in any way.

## POLITICS

### The Year of the Cop-Out

The year of the student political worker will have to be remembered as the year of the student cop-out, though some young people are effectively involved as the election campaigns come down to the now-or-next-time stage those performing in the fall are a small fraction of the many who made promises in the spring.

Almost all the evidence on the political attitudes of students denies the notion that they are more radical or more active than the rest of the population. In fact, they vote in even smaller percentages than the sometimes apathetic general electorate, and when they do go to the polls they vote for parties in almost exactly the same proportions as their elders.

Such conventional wisdom is eroded by the attention paid student radicals and is sometimes swept away entirely by dramatic events like the outpourings of campus protest following the U.S. intervention in Cambodia and the Kent and Jackson State student killings last spring. With the demonstrations came fervent pledges from thousands of students to work this fall for liberal and anti-war congressional candidates. The most heavily publicized and widely considered proposal was adopted by Princeton University, which rescheduled its semesters to give students two weeks off before the election for campaigning.

**Close to Moribund.** Now the wave of indignation has receded and the familiar facts of student political inactivity are left standing like rocks. Students are simply not working as they said they would. Many local chapters of the Movement for a New Congress, the Princeton headquartered national group through which most students planned to participate, are close to moribund. In the Boston area, with some of the nation's most prestigious schools and several peace candidates, the MNC rarely answers its phone.

The Princeton Plan won but minimal acceptance. Of the nation's 2,500 colleges and universities, about 25 have adopted it, and not all of those are sus-

pending classes for the full two weeks. At Columbia University, for instance, students will get only two days off for campaign work.

There is other evidence of student apathy. Since last month, the University of Detroit has been offering a workshop, led by practicing politicians of both parties, to teach realistic campaign techniques, only 69 of the university's almost 9,000 students enrolled. Faculties have been no more responsive. The University's National Anti-War Fund which once spoke about raising millions of dollars for peace candidates by getting teachers to contribute a single day's pay, has collected only \$225,000.

**More than Before.** The movement for student involvement within the system has not been a total failure, however, and while there is no precise way of measuring its impact, there will be some. It will be felt unevenly, as students flock to prominent liberal candidates like Senator Charles Goodell and Representative Allard Lowenstein in New York and Senatorial Candidate Adlai Stevenson III in Illinois. Despite the drop in unrealistic enthusiasm, there seems little doubt that more students will be involved in party politics than ever before. At Cornell University, for instance, Government Professor Peter Sharfman says that without the recess perhaps 50 students would have worked in campaigns. With it, he estimates, 500 will. At Princeton, about 950 students—a fifth of the student body—are expected to be working for candidates.

The nature of that work may give the students an impact beyond their numbers. The committed ones spent the summer analyzing their performance in the primaries in order to correct their mistakes. The MNC volunteers will go out with a mandate to fit into the candidate's plans and do legwork that may not be glamorous but is important. Example, by delivering a "mailing" house-to-house in a congressional district students can save a candidate postage amounting to thousands of dollars—money to be used for another crucial campaign need. For that reason, few candidates are spurning the limited student help they are being offered.

MOVEMENT FOR A NEW CONGRESS STUDENTS AT PRINCETON BRIEFING



TAROT CARDS

## CRIME

### Mass Murder in Soquel

A parked car blocked the dirt road to the burning hilltop home of Dr. Victor Ohta. Leaving his pickup truck, Soquel, Calif. Assistant Fire Chief Ernest Negro ran to the house to find "the roof was really going." As the local fire trucks screamed up to the main entrance, Negro looked and found that it also was blocked by Dr. Ohta's maroon Rolls-Royce. "I felt awfully funny for a second," Negro recalls. "Somebody seemed determined to prevent anybody from getting near the fire. If I knew then what I know now, I would have gotten out fast."

What Negro and the other firemen soon discovered was the most gruesome mass murder in the U.S. since the Tate slayings. In the lagoon-shaped swimming pool in front of the \$250,000 house were the bodies of Victor Ohta, 46, his wife Virginia, 43, their sons, Derrick, 12, and Taggart, 11, and the doctor's secretary Dorothy Cadwallader, 38. Ohta, one of California's most prominent eye surgeons, had been shot twice in the back and once under the arm. The others had been shot in the head, and all were bound with their hands in front of them with the bright silk scarves and ties of which Dr. Ohta was so fond.

Police quickly ruled out robbery as a motive. The Ohtas were wearing expensive jewelry, and in Dr. Ohta's bedroom they found a valuable tape recorder, cameras and more jewelry. There was no sign of a struggle, and all the bodies were neatly dressed. Stacks of kindling were also discovered in the house indicating that the fire had been deliberately set by the killer to attract attention. Said Kenneth Pittenger, deputy sheriff of Santa Cruz County, where Soquel is located. "It was like an execution."

**Grisly Specter.** Substantiating that theory, police found a typewritten, misspelled note under the windshield wiper of Dr. Ohta's Rolls Royce. "Halloween 1970," it read. "Today World War III will begin as brought to you by the people of the free universe. From this day forward anyone and/or company of persons who misuses the natural environment or destroys same will suffer the penalty of death by the people of the free universe." The note was signed



FRAZIER



OHTA



MRS. OHTA



SEARCHING FOR BODIES IN THE OHTA SWIMMING POOL  
*World War III or a senseless execution?*

with fortuneteller tarot-card names one name to a line: "Knight of Wands Knight of Cups, Knight of Pentacles Knight of Swords."

Haunted by the grisly spectre of Charles Manson cult the frightened residents of the county turned on the numerous hippie communes dotting the surrounding hills. One recalled Mrs. Ohta complaining about the hippies two months earlier. A friend remembered that Dr. Ohta had recently chased uninvited young people away from his swimming pool.

But as the police combed the hills around Santa Cruz visiting communes and cabins, they found the hippies just as it citizens by the murders as the townpeople. Said District Attorney Peter Chang: "The investigating officers who went into their communities found tremendous help from the hippie-type people." The big break in the case, leading to the capture of a suspect, came from the hippies.

At 3 a.m. one morning, a group of hippies came to Chang to report on John I. Frazier, 24, former auto mechanic. He had dropped out of the straight world and attempted to join the Santa Cruz hippie community. But he was considered "a real freak." Chang was told, and "paranoid about ecology." Acting on the

tip, he learned that Frazier had lived for several months in a 6 ft. by 6 ft. shanty half a mile from the murdered family's home. Two days before the slayings, he had abruptly moved out.

**One-Man Theory.** Frazier next appeared at the home of his estranged wife Delores, carrying a .38 cal. Smith and Wesson revolver in his waistband and a backpack with food for several days. When he left, he handed her his wallet and driver's license with the remark: "I won't be needing these any more." Among the personal possessions he left behind was a book on tarot. A warrant was issued for Frazier's arrest and a watch put on his cabin.

The police did not have long to wait. Early one morning Frazier returned and was arrested without a struggle. Police speculate that if the killings had been carried out in stages—which the evidence suggests—they could have been done by one man. And District Attorney Chang is satisfied that the killer acted alone. Still, the air in Santa Cruz County is heavy with fear. Said one apprehensive resident, E.H. Granbury: "You expect this sort of thing down in Los Angeles, Sin City, but when it happens in a small community like ours it makes you feel that your hands are tied and you are perfectly helpless."

## ARMED FORCES

### The My Lai Trials Begin

A sudden susurruus of shock ran through the Fort Hood, Texas, military courtroom. Defense Attorney Osie Brown reacted as if someone had pinched his neck. The defendant, burly Staff Sergeant David Mitchell, 30, the first of the 17 soldiers so far charged in connection with the deaths of the My Lai villagers, stared in uncomprehending disbelief. Last week, just six hours and three witnesses into the proceedings, the lanky prosecutor, Captain Michael Swan, rose to say "Your Honor, the prosecution rests its case."

It appeared to be a premature rest. Though known to have subpoenaed 14 witnesses, seven of whom were on hand, Swan called only three former platoon mates of Mitchell's to the stand. The other witnesses, including two helicopter pilots and an agent who investigated My Lai for the Army, waited in vain to testify. Surrounded by reporters afterward, the 28-year-old prosecutor was peppered with questions. Did he think he had proved his case against Mitchell? "I sure do." Why had he rested his case so suddenly? "I felt it was advantageous to do so." Had he checked with Washington before making his decision? "Negative."

**Discrepancies.** It may be that Swan acted to save a weak case. His lead off witness, former Radioman Charles Sledge, was the most damaging to Mitchell. Only Sledge, 23, black and a luggage-factory worker from Sardis, Miss., would say that he "positively" saw Mitchell shoot a group of Vietnamese women, children and old men cowering in a ditch. Sledge said that he recalled seeing Mitchell confer with Lieut. William Calley Jr. at the edge of the ditch before the two opened fire on the villagers from about five or six feet away.

"They were falling and screaming," he testified.

Sledge's testimony did not stand up well under cross-examination by Defense Attorney Brown, a wily veteran trial lawyer from Louisiana. Brown brought out several discrepancies between Sledge's courtroom statements and his earlier testimony before Army investigators. Brown read from one transcript quoting Sledge as saying, "I believe it was Sergeant Mitchell firing into the ditch." Now the defense attorney told the court martial, Sledge was saying that he was "positive" it was Mitchell firing. Brown cited an interview with an Army Criminal Investigation Division agent in which Sledge said that Calley had fired two M-16 magazines into the ditch but that he "did not remember about Sergeant Mitchell."

**Seven in Reserve.** The prosecution's case was hampered by the refusal of Louisiana Representative F. Edward Herbert to release testimonies by four key prosecution witnesses who had appeared before his House Armed Services subcommittee investigation of My Lai.

earlier this year. The judge, Colonel George R. Robinson, ruled that the prosecution could not call witnesses who had testified before the subcommittee on the subject unless their previous testimony had been made available.

Without witnesses to verify Sledge's testimony, Prosecutor Swan may indeed have found it expedient to rest his case quickly. At least, Army lawyers at the Pentagon think so. They point out that the charge against Mitchell is "assault with intent to murder." Says one Army officer: "All Swan has to prove is that Mitchell pulled the trigger and that there were people in the trench, and he's done that already. Why should he go on and confuse the point with fragmentary evidence? Besides, he has those extra seven witnesses in reserve for rebuttal."

Defense Attorney Brown feels otherwise. Scarcely able to conceal his pleasure, Brown told reporters, "I think everybody was caught by surprise. I don't see how they have proved their case beyond a reasonable doubt." The following day Brown collapsed in his motel room and was later taken to a Temple, Texas, hospital. Judge Robinson adjourned the case until Brown's recovery. After the proceedings resume, the defense is expected to call Lieut. Calley as a character witness for Mitchell. His attorney has no intention of permitting Calley to testify to the substance of events at My Lai, since Calley's own trial is due to begin Nov. 16 at Fort Benning, Ga.

## CALIFORNIA

### Gay Mecca No. 1

The remote and all but empty (pop 410) county of Alpine, Calif., is a pristine wonderland of majestic peaks, verdant pine forests, and crystalline lakes nestled high in the rugged Sierra Nevada. From their isolation its residents have long gazed in amusement at doings of the urbanites below. Tough mountaineers, woodsmen and fishermen all, they have preserved the pioneer purity of their independent existence. Now that existence stands threatened, and by a unlikely force, could be tampered—the right of homosexuals at the G.L.F. Liberation Front.

On Jan. 1, a caravan of at least 250 G.L.F. members and sympathizers will set out to create a "Gay Mecca" in Alpine County. Under a recent state Supreme Court decision eliminating California's one year residency requirement for voters, they will be eligible to go to the polls in Alpine 90 days after they register. Then they will begin the process of recalling all elected officials, replacing them with homosexuals, and establishing "a national refuge for persecuted homosexuals."

The idea was conceived at a G.L.F. symposium last January in Berkeley. Reconnaissance parties of homosexuals disguised as fishermen and tourists were quickly dispatched to Alpine, and re-

turned pronouncing it ripe for electoral conquest. The G.L.F. began stockpiling food, negotiating to buy land in Alpine, and signing up recruits for the exodus—nearly 500 have enlisted so far. In an article in the *Los Angeles Free Press*, G.L.F. Leader Don Jackson wrote glowingly of "a gay civil service, gay housing erected with funds furnished by the state and federal governments, and the world's first museum of gay arts, sciences and history."

**Gay Way.** The residents of Alpine County are not amused, and so far are in a quandary about how to repel the onslaught. Last week they awoke to find their street signs altered by youthful pranksters to accommodate the prospective new citizens. One highway sign warned: "Watch for deer—hit a queer." The main thoroughfare of Murkleeville,



G.L.F. SPOKESMEN IN LOS ANGELES  
Following the advice of Nixon.

the county seat, was marked "Gay Way" and the tavern dubbed "Fairytale Bar."

Many natives believe the gay invaders will be defeated by the subfreezing temperatures and the lack of jobs. Nonetheless, a delegation of Alpine's county board of supervisors journeyed to Sacramento to meet with Governor Ronald Reagan's Assistant Legal Affairs Secretary, Richard Turner. They came away dispondent and empty-handed; Turner advised them that there was nothing they could do to stem the gay tide as long as the G.L.F. complied with the law.

The message was not new to the G.L.F. As Don Kihefner, a G.L.F. local organizer in Los Angeles, had earlier said: "We are simply following the advice of President Nixon and Spiro Agnew to work within the electoral process."

## HAWAII

### Private Settlement

Arkansas Governor Winthrop Rockefeller has dipped into his own capacious pocket to supplement the pay of a dozen state officials, although the Arkansas attorney general told him it was unconstitutional. Newark's Mayor Kenneth Gibson has persuaded local businessmen to add \$2,500 a year to the city business administrator's \$35,000 salary in order to attract a top outside professional to the job. Now the mayor of Honolulu, Frank Fasi, has offered \$40,000 from his campaign war chest to help fend off a strike of Teamster drivers that would have halved two privately owned Oahu bus lines. The union accepted Fasi's "very attractive proposal." The money will be used to augment bus-driver salaries for 30 days, by which time the city hopes to have taken over the lines.

Fasi's gambit has some intriguing consequences. If his contribution were considered "personal use" of campaign funds, it would be subject to federal income tax. As it is, the Internal Revenue Service in Honolulu considers Fasi's \$40,000 to come under a regulation that makes campaign contributions nontaxable. The bus drivers may not have to pay income tax on their shares of the money, either, since legally it is a gift. Federal planners have worked out any number of ways to subsidize mass transit, but chances are that Fasi's dodge never occurred to them.

## OPINION

### Fuzzy Welcome to Cons. III

Sociology has spawned more games than Parker Brothers. But all the *advertisements* rest upon a single process—the breakup of phenomena into categories. It has been so ever since Auguste Comte invented the "science" and divided human progress into three stages, theological, metaphysical and positive. In recent times the games people played included Highbrow, Middlebrow, Lowbrow, U and non-U, Soul and no Soul. Now comes the first new pop-soc, parlor game of the '70s—Consciousness I, II and III.

Its creator, Charles A. Reich, is a professor of law at Yale. He offers the rules, and defines the three categories, in a new book called *The Greening of America* (Random House, \$7.95) that is attracting major attention. The game will be won, says Reich, when enough of his fellow citizens enter Consciousness III. Then a change of heart and spirit will set in all over America, the sterile, gray industrial landscape will grow greener, and all our life-suppressing institutions will be peacefully transformed from within.

Reich's three categories are first presented historically as stages in a familiar pageant entitled, "How America went wrong . . . and the rebirth of

human values that is emerging in the new generation." For Reich weighs the American past and finds it wan-ton. The Consciousness I period is associated with the young Jeffersonian Republic—freedom-loving, egalitarian expansive democratic, though lamentably competitive. Its spirit stilled slowly, as America evolved into another political caricature, the pinched, repressive, committee-loving, life-suppressing, reform-minded meritocracy, which Reich seems to regard as something very like Hell on Earth. Decisive moments in this decline into bondage were the Great Depression, the New Deal, and the technological revolution that occurred after World War II. The New Deal, says Reich, was based on high-minded attempts at reform, but instead of producing an altered democracy it simply created more rules and regulations. The eventual result was the Corporate State. An evolving byproduct has been Reich's Consciousness II. The overridingly glum characteristic of Consciousness II people is the resigned belief that man must suppress his individuality and improve the world by working through those he sees as inextricably allied institutions Industry and Government.

Plaints and Visions. Consciousness I people, Reich observes, still persist and still see America as if it were a world of small towns and simple virtues. The membership includes "farmers, A.M.A.-type doctors, gangsters, Republicans and 'just plain folks,'" plus—one assumes—a Vice President or two. The folks in Consciousness II tend to be young doctors, idealistic lawyers, Kennedy men, believers in the *New York Times* editorial page, as well, presumably, as Ralph Nader and all his raiders. Unlike Consciousness I, Consciousness II people are aware of the erosion of the American Dream. But they are equally out of date. For they still seek and glorify "power, success, rewards, competence," above all the control of nature by man. They will have nothing to do with "awe, mystery, helplessness, magic."

For Reich, the hope of the present and the wave of the future is Consciousness III. There were a few early IIs before the mid-1960s, among them Thoreau, James Joyce, Wallace Stevens, J.D. Salinger. But now there are thousands, says Reich, eager to transform American society by a new, generous life-style and a direct commitment to simplicity, honesty and gentle comradeship. The revolution will be peaceful too, for anyone who believes in power and violence, says Reich, is not yet up to Consciousness III. Instead Reich sees the young simply infiltrating and then inheriting the future. "The new consciousness will spread," he writes happily, "and whatever it gives life to—a university, a public school, a factory—will become more responsive to human needs."

In his visions, as in his plants, Reich

is a peculiar blend of Vance Packard and Pollyanna, a colloidal suspension of William Buckley, William Blake and Herbert Marcuse in pure applesauce. It can be justly said of Reich, as Dr Johnson once said of Thomas Gray that "he was dull but he was dull in a new way, and that made people think him 270.1

"Oh Wow!" His heart, clearly, is in the right place. The problem lies in the clearness of his head. The power of the state does often seem largely beyond simple human control. Technology, indeed, can be more of a straitjacket than a servant to man. It is unarguably true that the law is often not only inhumane but serves as the implacable friend of wrong." Reich makes these points, but in language so maddeningly overstated so grandiose, contradictions are everywhere.

He praises the omnipresence of the rock beat in America. He blithely assumes that once human priorities have been re-ordered, the technology that has simultaneously dehumanized man and led him to contemplate a Consciousness III existence will simply run by itself.

The students at Yale and their generation—to whom the book is dedicated—are too important to be so sloppily displayed at a notions counter; they need an abler witness than Charles Reich. The gropings of the young toward a natural piety and spiritual brotherhood in a time admittedly cut off from religion and nature may possibly be the single most significant struggle in recent U.S. history. But Reich's attempt to use historical perspective to lend the advent of Consciousness III sen-



REICH: FOURTH FROM LEFT & FRIENDS AT YALE  
The problem lies in the clearness of his head

abusive and effusive that it would hardly do for a pot-scented post-midnight colloquy in a college dormitory.

Even in a good cause, Reich cannot be forgiven his verbal incense and rec-ord-jacket style. "Their clothes are earthy and sensual. Their bell-bottoms

leave the ankles a special freedom as it to invite dancing right on the street," he writes of the joyfulness of the Consciousness III group. It has, he says, "rediscovered a childlike quality that it supremely treasures, to which it gives its ultimate sign of reverence, vulnerability and innocence. 'Oh Wow!'" Reich has little judgment and no fan-finess or consistency. He slightly compares Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the Rolling Stones' music. After angrily asserting that the Corporate State has destroyed soul-refreshing silence

sibility, a sense of Marxian inevitability is a failure. Perhaps this is because while he pretends to exhaustive analysis, he deliberately ignores the one essential issue involved. The success or failure of a return to the Garden of Eden

even with Adam and Eve played by bright and well favored Yale men and their dates will depend not on the serpent state but upon human nature. Reich's simple assumption—borrowed unexamined from the Romantic move-ment—that man is inherently good until corrupted by society—is simply a disastrous philosophical cop-out.

In the long run, Reich's book boils down to a conversation piece about categories I II and III, and a simple assertion: the dinosaurs are perishing and little furry animals will inherit the earth.

# POLITICS AND THE NAME GAME

**W**HEN I use a word," declared that famed semantist, Humpty Dumpty, "it means just what I choose it to mean." He mitigated this tyrannical attitude by explaining that when he made a word do a lot of work, he always paid it extra. Spiro Agnew, who also has a highbanded way with words owes a great deal of overtime pay to the phrase "radical liberal." As he employs the phrase, upon which he has turned his vigorous intervention in the current congressional campaign, radical liberal seems to be an elastic blanket covering a huge bed, strangely cohabited by "the northeastern Establishment," the more inflamed students and the militant blacks. The term radical liberal is bitterly resented by many as an effort to smear liberalism with the unpopular tar of radicalism. Other Agnew critics ridicule his concoction as a monstrous juncture of utterly incompatible political types. Both the resentment and the ridicule are essentially justified.

One must grant, of course, that the words radical and liberal have been joined before in history. In the first half of the 19th century, the word liberal entered the British political vocabulary, having originated—amazingly—in Spain. (One does not wish to appear a snob, effete or otherwise, in these matters, but Spain hardly seems a proper background for a word destined to play so large a role in the public life of the democracies.) This immigrant word, liberal, found the term radical already flourishing in British politics. For a couple of decades, liberal and radical were used interchangeably by members of a large Whig faction to describe themselves. Those radical liberals of the 1840s, of course, have precious little to do with either the radicals or the liberals of 1970, and the old connection can hardly explain the Vice President's phrase.

In more recent times there has been commerce—some bad, some good—between radicals and liberals. A generation ago, some liberals allowed themselves to be used as fronts for Stalinists who at the time were regarded (and regarded themselves) as radicals, a notion that seems quaint today, when the remaining Stalinists are usually referred to as "conservative Communists." It is also true that American liberals over the years have picked up many a successful idea from self-proclaimed radicals, notably from the Socialist Party platform of 1912.

But it would be unwise to push this fact too far. Except in France, where political philosophies tended to turn in-

ward, most political movements of the past 150 years have been highly exogenous, often finding *in partibus indelium* new ideas with which to mate. For many years, liberals have been in favor of expanding and improving social security, would it make sense to refer to them as "Junker liberals" merely because the first social security system was instituted in the regime of Otto von Bismarck?

Agnew's radical liberal has no better credentials. Whatever the historical mutations of the two terms and despite the present vagueness of each in current usage they do signify two quite different positions. Liberals think they have saved this and other societies from radicals, a claim that is neither wholly provable nor wholly refutable. The typical radical regards

—though few, if any, have done so in recent years—call himself a radical liberal. But when radical conservative issues from the mouth of an opponent, it may be suspected as an effort to associate a conservative with Fascists or Nazis, just as radical liberal, coming from an opponent, may be suspected as an effort to associate liberals with Communists.

Such nasty little games would not go on if we had any way of keeping our political lexicon up to date. Not merely the hybrids, but elemental political terms such as conservative, liberal, radical, progressive, are wildly misleading as descriptions of the actual positions, motivations and attitudes of most of the people to whom they refer.

A progressive, for instance, seems to suggest someone in favor of change,

but most Americans called progressive have been distinguished by their opposition to the business system, which has introduced 90% of the enormous progress (or at least change) that has appeared in 20th century America. Conversely, a number of businessmen while transforming the society by automobiles, advertising, computers and urbanization, refer to themselves as conservatives, a term suggesting opposition to change. Almost any so-called radical utterance these days will contain an explicit or implicit rejection of the main-

stream of change during the past 150 years, together with a longing for a future society conceived as a static Elysium. As for the modern liberal position, it has been more noted for restraining (sometimes wisely, sometimes foolishly) the forces of change than for stimulating or liberating them.

They order these matters better in the natural sciences. Chemistry would not have improved much since Lavoisier's youth if chemists were still loosely calling all combustible materials phlogiston. The word oxygen means what it means, and neither Humpty Dumpty nor Spiro Agnew can alter New things—or newly discovered things—need new names. When a new microorganism swims into the biologist's ken, he does not reach back into folklore and call it a "small dragon"; he quarries the lexicon of a very dead language and concocts, say, "staphylococcus," a word never known before on land or sea, and therefore relatively free of confusing associations. (It is true that *staphylo* means "bunch of grapes," but since hardly anyone knows this, there is minimal danger that people will be misled into thinking an infection is caused by a bunch of grapes.)



ADAM & AGNEW

the liberal as a fink—a delicate and obsolete epithet that has been replaced in the radical vocabulary by a popular twelve-letter word. Today's liberal thinks today's society is worth mending and uses constitutional means to that end. Today's radical thinks today's society should be junked and cares little about what means he uses. This difference, among others, is more important than what radicals and liberals have in common, a tendency, for instance, to deplore Spiro Agnew—an impulse that has incited people who are neither radicals nor liberals.

To be fair, Agnew did not invent the guilt-by-association form of terminological confusion. Some years ago, the phrase "radical conservative" was used in both liberal and radical circles. This horrid hybrid, radical conservative, every bit as monstrous as radical liberal, was supposed to describe activist conservatives, such as members of the John Birch society, who were inclined to ideologize their principles and who exhibited some stylistic similarities to leftist radicals. People have called themselves "radical conservatives," meaning that their conservatism was fundamental and thoroughgoing. Similarly, a man might

Many outsiders complain that scientists invent inaccessible jargons, but better a difficult language conveying precise meanings than "plain English" that misleads by using old names for new things.

The most inflexible institution of American life today is not the bureaucracy, not "the power structure," not "the Establishment," all of which are in fact, powerhouses of change. The most inflexible institution is the dictatorial. Particularly in politics we are caught between the very rapid movement of the objective world and the relatively slow evolution of words and ideas used to describe what is going on. In the anxious discussion of today's youth culture, we cloister one another with anachronistic adjectives like permissive and repressive, which have no important objective referents in today's U.S. political scene. Our broadest terms—left, right and center—derive from the seat arrangement of the French Assembly in 1789; the terms made sense then but do they now, when an extreme leftist on one set of issues may be a rightist or a centrist on another set (as, for instance, in the conflict over big v. little government) and when the whole content of leftism and rightism shifts dramatically from decade to decade? Much of the currency of our discussion (slavery, rebellion, treason) is Confederate money. We are, in short, victims of terminological conservatism.

What, then, are the right words? Easy to ask; impossible to answer. Should people who are against large organizations be called "minis"? They would not like that. Should we try for neutral terms, like those of the Blue and Green factions that troubled Byzantium, or like Whig and Tory, whose original connotations have been lost to all but dedicated etymologists?

We have, as matters stand, no name at all for people who think that the accelerating mainstream of American change is both good and also desperately in need of discriminating improvements of a kind that does not flow readily from the liberal, radical or conservative positions. For all anybody can tell, such people might form a majority if they could break out of the enforced antonymy imposed by a political dictionary that provokes unfair, anarchic excrescences such as radical liberal and radical conservative.

The 20th verse of the second chapter of *Genesis* says that "Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field. Clearly, this indicates that inventing names was to be an important function of his race. Contemporary Adam, confronting the menagerie of his own potential attitudes, says: "This one is a gryphon. That one is a unicorn." Or, like Spiro Agnew, he invents hybridized contradictions: "That one is a gryphon-unicorn." Lexicographically speaking, this Eden is hell.

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# THE WORLD



WINNER ALLENDE & WIFE

## Chile: Victory and Violence

THE scene in Santiago was distressingly similar to that in other besieged cities. In the wake of the shooting of the army commander, the Chilean capital was gripped by the tightest security ever imposed in the country's history. Streets were cordoned off and police helicopters hovered overhead. In this atmosphere of tension and anxiety, the Chilean Congress last week confirmed the victory of Dr. Salvador Allende Gossens as the world's first freely elected Marxist President.

The congressional action had seemed assured for several weeks (TIME, Oct. 19). Following Allende's slender victory in the Sept. 4 elections, the Christian Democratic Party of retiring President Eduardo Frei agreed to support Allende unanimously in return for guarantees that Allende would preserve Chile's cherished democratic traditions. Then last week the runner-up right-wing candidate, former President (1958-1964) Jorge Alessandri, urged his congressional supporters not to oppose Allende. Alessandri's gesture was gracious but hardly affected the outcome. In the traditional secret ballot, the 195 Senators and Deputies present supported Allende over Alessandri by a margin of 160 to 35.

**Maximum Alert.** Violence was not altogether unexpected. Two days before the congressional vote, General René Schneider was shot and gravely wounded by a small band of still unidentified terrorists. As he drove to his office along a narrow one-way street, his black Mercedes was suddenly blocked by four vehicles. While one young man smashed the rear window of the Mercedes with a small sledgehammer, another fired eight times at the general with a .45-cal automatic pistol, and then escaped

Schneider was rushed to the Santiago Military Hospital, where surgeons worked for 90 minutes to remove three bullets from his chest, neck and fore arm. That night he suffered a massive hemorrhage, and the following day remained near death. While police erected roadblocks around Santiago, President Frei placed the 90,000 men of the armed forces and *carabineros* on maximum alert.

Allende and his Popular Unity coalition, which includes Communists and other leftists, blamed "ultra-right-wing groups in league with foreign elements who see their interests affected." The Christian Democrats accused "Fascist elements." Most observers agreed that Schneider, who was a friend of the President-elect, had been working hard to assure a smooth transfer from Frei to Allende, who is to take office Nov. 4. General Schneider had announced that the army would support whichever candidate the Congress approved, thereby appearing to minimize the danger of a military coup in the event of Allende's election. His stand had angered many rightists, both civilian and military, who believed he should have opposed Allende. Some speculated that the assailants' motive might have been to produce chaos and terror which would require the army's intervention.

**Army Indoctrination.** Even before the shooting Allende had been struggling hard to bolster the nation's lagging morale. "No one need fear the new sit-

uation, save for that tiny group that takes the great part of the national income," he insisted. After Jorge Alessandri's withdrawal, Allende in a gesture of reconciliation visited him at home.

Another source of comfort to the defeated parties was the constitutional amendment guaranteeing certain civil liberties that was passed by the Congress last week. In an additional effort to make sure that their voice will not be stilled, the Christian Democrats have bought a chain of five newspapers, a publishing house and four radio stations, and are negotiating for more papers.

Allende seemed to be proceeding with caution. The speed and scope of his program remained uncertain, but most observers believed he would not default on Chile's external debt of \$2.4 billion half of which is owed the U.S., nor would he seek to remove Chile's exports and imports from the dollar area. They expect him to nationalize copper, cement, paper, banking and foreign trade, and to encourage worker participation in those transportation enterprises not owned by the government. They also believed he would work for political indoctrination of the army.

**Severe Tests.** As of last week Allende had announced not a single Cabinet appointment, but he had reached a formula for dispensing patronage among his varied supporters. Of 15 Cabinet posts, three each will go to the Communists, the Radicals and his own Socialists, and two each to three minor leftist parties. Within the government, Allende will face the problem of maintaining his own position against the Communists, who are better organized and more disciplined than his far-left Socialists. Outside the government, Allende will face other severe tests. One problem will be the M.R. (Movement of the Revolutionary Left) terrorists, who may try to force Allende into adopting more extremist policies than either he or his country desires. Another problem is the deteriorating economy. Inflation, which jumped 2.7% in September alone, is expected to reach 35% this year v. 29% in 1969. If Allende seeks to revitalize the economy through stepped-up public works, he will have to contend with an even steeper rate of inflation. Moreover, Allende's leftist policies will make it more difficult for Chile to get credit from such agencies as the World Bank and Inter-American Development Bank.

Even in the best of circumstances, Salvador Allende would have faced many difficulties in bringing Marxist rule to his apprehensive countrymen. The shooting of General Schneider only heightened the probability that he will have to contend with an atmosphere of violence as well.



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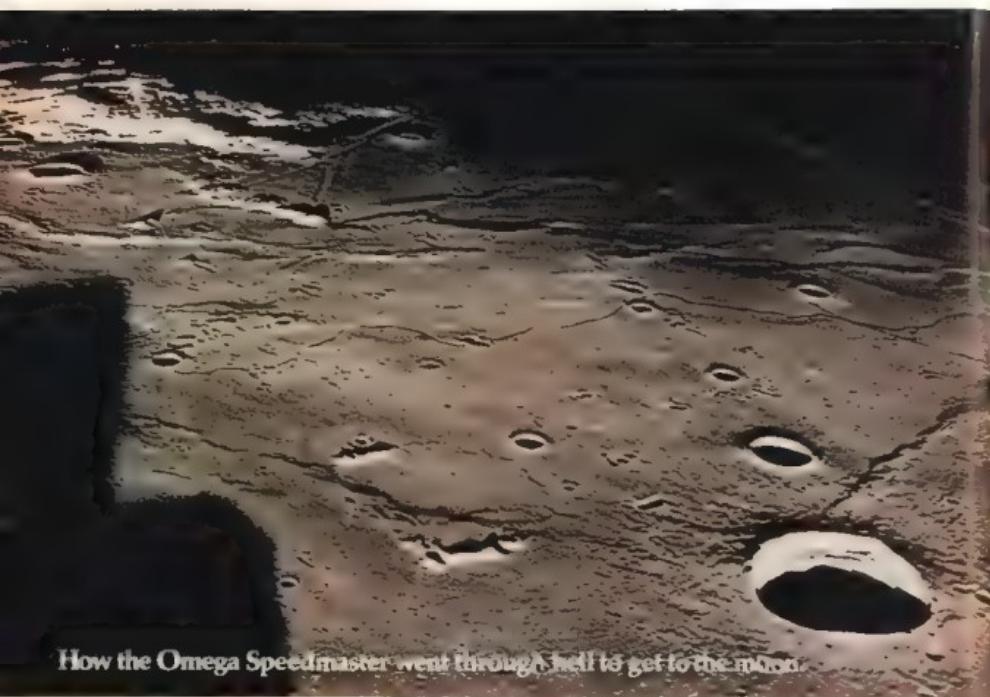
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GUTTED UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN RESEARCH CENTER AFTER AUGUST BOMB EXPLOSION

## The City as Battlefield: A Global Concern

THE street is the stage,' says the American Yippie Jerry Rubin in *Do It!* his handbook for the modern revolutionary. In cities throughout the non-Communist world, that stage is alive with alarming activities politically motivated arson, bombing, kidnapping and murder. Closely related to these is the phenomenon of skyjacking. For just as the highly complex 20th century city is the most vulnerable point in man's terrestrial sphere, so is the thin-skinned 600 m.p.h. jet the most vulnerable in the atmosphere. The terrorist activity is worldwide, and most of it is carried out by a new type in the history of political warfare—the urban guerrilla.

In Belfast and Londonderry, barbed-wire, sandbag bunkers and helmeted troops have been fixtures since Northern Ireland's ancient religious antagonisms flared into violence last summer. In Calcutta and its industrial satellites police have been loath to venture off major arteries since Maoist Naxalites stabbed three of their colleagues to death in dark alleys as part of a deliberate campaign of terror. Heavy guard details have trailed diplomats in Montevideo since July, when Uruguay's Tupamaro guerrillas shed their Robin Hood image and wantonly murdered a political hostage. Canada was still tense following the brutal murder by fanatic Quebec separatists of a government official, a small band of terrorists, trying to blackmail the government, succeeded in frightening the entire country and forcing the suspension of some civil liberties.

In Washington, officials were frankly worried about the possibility that a radical group might try to kidnap the

vastimate a U.S. official or a foreign diplomat. Rarely has the capital been so security conscious. "I'm sorry, but we've got to think paranoid," said one of the government's top security officials last week. Secretary of State William Rogers and other high officials have been urged to vary the routes they follow to and from their offices. The Secret Service is rapidly adding 300 more men to a recently created 550-man Executive Protective Service, assigned to guard the embassies of other countries and Washington police are getting bomb-disposal training at the Army's Aberdeen Munitions Center.

### Disproportionate Power

Unlike the fortified towns of old, the besieged cities of 1970 are threatened not from without but from within, by armies that are hardly ever in sight. Not are the troops preparing for anything so vast as the great popular upheavals that swept the revolution-torn capitals of mid-19th century Europe. The cities are threatened in each case by a few hundred or at most a few thousand men. But, as the Canadian example showed, small numbers can affect a whole nation, if the right pressure point is found. In the late-20th century, minuscule bands possess disproportionate power to render a society immobile.

To what end? The new urban guerrilla talks in vague terms about building a new world. When pressed, he usually describes that world in Marxist terms (although Marxism considers it self "scientific" and by and large holds "romantic" terrorists in contempt). Be-

serving a particular piece of real estate from "exploitation" or "imperialism" the urban guerrilla has little to say about the shape of the future. Says Political Scientist Richard Rubenstein of Chicago's Roosevelt University: "It might be easy in a mechanical way to screw up the system—forcing the airlines to spend millions on armed guards or to mess up the electrical or telephone systems. But what's wrong with the new terror is that it is creating social chaos without at the same time preparing people for a new order." Implicitly, at least, the Maoists, the radical separatists in Quebec, the Naxalites in India, the Weathermen and Panthers in the U.S. all share the spirit of anarchism, its fascination with violence, its chaotic organization, its insistence on absolute freedom (an illusion that in the past has invariably led to tyranny). Often their cult is pseudo-religious, even monastic; it is consecrated to a dead or distant deity like Che Guevara or Mao Tse-tung; its communists gather in intimate, almost confessional cells, and then observe a ritual secrecy that eventually cuts them off from society altogether. Their ideologies differ but in general their rationale is that "the system" is incapable of real change and that the official violence of the government (police, prisons, armies) can only be countered by violence. The aim is ultimately to destroy what cannot be reformed. Thus, in essence, they subscribe to the dictum of the 19th century patron saint of anarchy, Mikhail Bakunin, that "the urge to destroy is real. Is a creative urge."



BOMB CLASS IN BRITTANY  
Severing the last link.

urban guerrilla, says Rubenstein, is that he is "short-circuiting" the classic concept of revolution. Theorists from Locke to Marx to Herbert Marcuse have always discussed revolution in terms of mass movements. The very vulnerability of the modern industrial world allows the urban terrorist to skip the painstaking, step-by-step process of organizing a mass revolutionary movement and then taking disruptive action.

So far, the new terror has been relatively limited, as far as is known, no group has sought to plunge a city into chaos with simultaneous attacks, for example, on its power stations, water supply and main roads. But the degree of terror has increased notably with the cop-killing campaign in the U.S. and the murder of hostages in Canada, Argentina, Uruguay and Guatemala. Thus the urban guerrillas have revived the system of diplomatic ransom that flourished from the Dark Ages until the Renaissance, when kings and princes routinely used ambassadors as hostages. As Braden Sociologist Richard Sennett puts it: "The terrorism of today is the diplomacy of Henry the Eighth."

In the U.N. last week, Sweden's Prime Minister Olof Palme called for some way to counteract technology's multiplication of the power to destroy. British Prime Minister Edward Heath warned in the same forum: "It may be that in the decade ahead of us, civil war, not war between nations, will be the main danger we will face." During a campaign stop in Columbus, Ohio, Richard Nixon said that the ubiquitous terrorism was "an international disease."

So far, the disease has struck nowhere more dramatically than it has in Canada. Climbing a long series of bombings and bank robberies, the

French-Canadian separatist group known as the Front de Libération du Québec (F.L.Q.) kidnapped two high officials: James R. Cross, British trade commissioner in Montreal and, later, Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte. As ransom, the terrorists demanded the release of 23 "political" prisoners, safe conduct for them to Cuba or Algeria, and \$500,000 in gold bullion.

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's response was drastic. Promising to root out the cancer of an armed revolutionary

movement," he rejected the demands called out troops to patrol Ottawa, the capital, and Quebec Province, and finally invoked emergency police powers under Canada's 1914 War Measures Act which had never before been used in time of peace. If Trudeau was tough, the F.L.Q. terrorists were barbaric. They strangled Laporte, apparently by twisting a thin gold chain he wore around his neck, then stuffed his body in the trunk of a car.

The murder of the 49-year-old La-

## A Manual for the Urban Terrorist

*It is necessary for every urban guerrilla to keep in mind always that he can only maintain his existence if he is disposed to kill the police and those dedicated to repression, and if he is determined to expropriate the wealth of the big capitalists, the landlords and the imperialists.*

—Carlos Marighella

*Minimunial of the Urban Guerrilla*

INFLUENCED by Fidel Castro's successful revolution, Che Guevara went to Bolivia and tried to launch a similar movement from the sparsely populated hinterlands. Too late, Che discovered that the country's peasants were more likely to betray than to befriend guerrilla fighters. Unable to count on aid from the people he was hoping to convert, Che was trapped and later executed by Bolivian soldiers in 1967.

The lesson was not lost on a strapping, green-eyed Brazilian militiaman named Carlos Marighella. A longtime Communist and former member of Brazil's congress, Marighella had no quarrel with Guevara's goal of overthrowing the established order just with his tactics. Marighella believed that the proper approach was to terrorize Latin America's crowded and vulnerable urban areas. It is easier, he reasoned, to fade into a teeming city than to elude an army patrol in a rural district where the peasants distrust all strangers. Marighella put his ideas into a 55-page work of revolution, *Minimunial of the Urban Guerrilla*.

Though Marighella, like Guevara, was eventually hunted down and killed, his book has been widely circulated among city-dwelling terrorists in many parts of the world. Justly worried about its pernicious influence, authorities have banned it in much of Latin America. In France, it was published in July and quickly outlawed. In the U.S., the *Minimunial* has been making the rounds of radical groups in mimeographed form and in extensive excerpts in underground newspapers.

In the *Minimunial*, Marighella enjoins urban terrorists to carry out executions "with the greatest cold-bloodedness, calmness and decision." He particularly recommends "the killing

of a North American spy, of an agent of the dictatorship, of a police torturer, of a fascist personality, or a stool pigeon, police agent or provocateur." To finance revolutionary endeavors, he suggests robbing banks, trying not to overlook anything; he goes so far as to advise "locking people in the bank bathroom, making them sit on the floor." For the urban guerrilla's arsenal, Marighella recommends Molotov cocktails, gasoline, homemade contrivances such as catapults and mortars for firing explosives, grenades made of tubes and cans, smoke bombs, mines, conventional explosives, plastic explosives, gelatine capsules."

The most important section of the *Minimunial* presents what Marighella calls "action models." He suggests that kidnapping be used to "exchange or liberate imprisoned revolutionary comrades," and that the victims range from a notorious and dangerous enemy of the revolutionary movement" to artists and sports figures whose abduction may be "a useful form of propaganda." In a section headed "Ambush," he notes that the principal object is "to capture the enemy's arms and punish him with death. In "Sabotage," he observes that "a little sand, a trickle of any kind of com-

BODY OF CARLOS MARIGHELA



porte, like Trudeau a French-Canadian and an opponent of the Quebec separatist movement stunned the nation. Mail and phone calls flooding into Ottawa ran 97% in favor of the Prime Minister's tough stance. Some 2,000 Canadians gathered on Parliament Hill in Ottawa to sing the national anthem *O Canada*, the House of Commons approved the invocation of the War Measures Act by an overwhelming 190-16 margin.

Trudeau had cast his actions in he-

roic terms. "There are very few times in the history of any country," he told the nation, "when all persons must take a stand on critical issues. This is one of those times, this is one of those issues." By week's end however, the federal show of determination had yielded embarrassingly meager results. A force of 10,000 policemen staged 2,000 raids and made 374 arrests; but they turned up no sign of Cross and had few leads in the Leporé murder. Of some 9,000 sticks of stolen dynamite estimated to

hustle, a poor lubrication, a screw removed, a short circuit," can all go a long way. Under "Street Tactics," Marighella suggests everything from marching down streets against traffic to "throwing bottles, bricks, paperweights and other projectiles from the top of apartment and office buildings. He adds, "Snipers are very good for mass demonstrations."

Marighella's emphasis on terror as a tool for disrupting society borrows, of course, from the destructive spirit of anarchism, this "propaganda of deed." The current upsurge of terrorist actions in fact, strongly recalls the last decades of the 19th century, when an anarchist reign of terror spread a blanket of fear over Europe and the U.S.

Like Marx, Lenin loathed anarchists as undisciplined romantics who disdain all authority. Yet he borrowed some of their ideas. In words that Marighella might have used as a model, Lenin urged revolutionaries "to arm themselves with anything they can lay hands on (a rifle, a gun, a bomb, a knife, a stick, a kerosene-drenched rag to set fire with, a rope or a rope ladder, a spade to build barricades, barbed wire, nails against cavalry etc.) To start training for war immediately, by means of practical operations, killing a spy, blowing up a police station, robbing a bank to provide funds for the uprising, etc." Concluded Lenin "Let every detachment train for it in—be it only by heating up a policeman."

As the old political structures began crumbling, Lenin's tactics were successfully grafted onto the guerrilla movements that arose in such places as China, Cuba, and Viet Nam. But the theorists of these movements, including Che, his fellow Regis Debray and Franz Fanon (*The Wretched of the Earth*), generally overlooked the urban guerrilla and concentrated on the peasant.

According to the *Minimandat*, the urban guerrilla should "be a good walker, able to stand up against fatigue, hunger and heat, never act impetuously, have unlimited patience, remain calm and cool and, above all, not get discouraged." Marighella recommends that this durable soul get in shape by "hiking, camping, mountain climbing, rowing, fishing and hunting." Additionally, he notes: "It is very important to learn how to drive, pilot a plane, handle a mo-

torboat and have some knowledge of electronic techniques."

Along with the dos are some don'ts. Under the heading, "Seven Sins of the Urban Guerrilla," Marighella lists "inexperience, boasting, vanity, exaggeration of his strength, lack of patience, anger and a failure to plan properly."

To reduce the chances of betrayal, he recommended the formation of "firing groups" consisting of no more than four or five persons. "No firing group can remain inactive waiting for orders from above," writes Marighella. "Its obligation is to act." Who is eligible for Marighella's firing groups? Just about everybody, including students, since they are "politically crude and coarse and show a special talent for revolutionary violence" and women, for their "unmatched fighting spirit and tenacity."

Marighella did not live long enough to see many of his ideas put into practice. Last year, after his followers kidnapped U.S. Ambassador C. Burke Flbrick, Brazilian police set up an elaborate ambush for Marighella. Two Dominican priests who had harbored Marighella on numerous occasions were arrested and forced to arrange a meeting with him. When Marighella's trusted bodyguard, Gauchão, appeared to ease the rendezvous, he saw two couples necking in a Chevrolet, laborers languidly unloading materials at a construction site, bricklayers working on an unfinished building across the street. Gauchão gave the all-clear sign, and Marighella, carrying a briefcase and wearing a brown wig, swung into view. He saw the two familiar Dominicans, waiting in a blue Volkswagen across the street, and climbed into the car.

Immediately the bricklayers pulled weapons from their work clothes, the laborers streamed from the construction site, the passionate couple broke their clinches and reached for their guns. All were police. The fusillade lasted a full five minutes. A dentist unwittingly drove down the street and was fatally struck by two bullets. A policewoman who had been "necking" in the Chevrolet was mortally wounded. Police bullets killed both of them; before Marighella could whip his gun out of his briefcase, he was riddled with five slugs. Two days later, Marighella was buried in a pauper's grave No. 1106 in São Paulo's Vila Formosa cemetery.



ARMS SEARCH IN MONTEVIDEO  
Trying one spectacular thing

be in FLQ hands, only 900 were recovered. What made the police search for the missing dynamite more urgent was a terrorist threat of a "blow-up" in Montreal unless F.L.Q. prisoners were freed.

During the week, Trudeau's government repeatedly cited three reasons for its tough action, and each seemed to have at least some validity. First, Ottawa felt it had to counter what one official called "an erosion of public opinion" in Quebec, whose French Canadian population might have embraced the separatist creed more warmly than ever had the government wavered in the face of the FLQ challenge, that fear was heightened by the fact that Montreal is holding municipal elections this week. Second, Ottawa wanted to reinsert the principle of federalism as strongly as possible. Finally, there was the FLQ itself, which was planning a round of urban mayhem "so terrible," one high government official said, that I cannot even tell you.

#### Back to the Wigwam

The Canadian drama indicates that today's urban guerrillas merely bring new techniques to old battles—atavistic tribal struggles that would hardly be noticed except in a world shrunk by communications satellites and other electronic marvels. Quebec's FLQ dates only from 1962, but French-Canadian nationalism goes back two centuries. Pierre Trudeau himself was close to Quebec radical movements in the 1950s, but he later decided that what separation really meant was simply a long step back to Quebec's feudal past. In a tough 1964 essay, Trudeau let the Quebec separatists have it: "The truth is," he wrote, "that the separatist counter-revolution is the work



TROOPS IN DOWNTOWN MONTREAL



FRISKING QUEBEC GIRL  
*Finding the right pressure point*

of a powerless petit bourgeois minority afraid of being left behind by a 20th century revolution. Rather than carving themselves out a place in it by ability they want to make the whole thing return to the wigwams by declaring its independence. Separatism = revolution? My eve.

Trudeau's wigwam theory is challenged by some academic experts, who argue that the world's tribal minorities are not so much trying to drop out as to get back in the mainstream. Roosevelt University's Rubenstein describes increasing tribal violence as the typical desperation of "groups which are in danger of extinction. It's an attempt to re-enter the political universe." Terror is born when they demand re-entry on their own non-negotiable terms, and the rest of mankind be damned if those terms prove unattainable.

Terrorism in the U.S.'s northern neighbor is a relatively new phenomenon. To the south, it has long been endemic. To a great extent, the terrorists of Latin America claim to be acting in behalf of an underclass whose need is not even so much as simple entry — into economic, social and political structures from which they have always been barred. Then, too, Latin American politics have always been characterized by theatricality and exacerbation.

There are almost as many varieties of terror south of the Mexican border as there are countries. Brazil has been racked by a drawn-out campaign whose net effect has only been to set Latin America's most powerful country (pop. 90 million) back by several political light-years. The army took power in 1964, the first terrorist bomb exploded in 1966, and a cruel upward spiral of terror and repression, including torture, has been under way ever since. The country has never had more than half a dozen terrorist bands, totaling perhaps 300 to 500 hard-core members. But their spectacularly successful kidnapping and ransoming of U.S. Ambassador C. Burke Laddick a year ago, in return for the release of 15 trained raiders was the first intimation that a few urban guerrillas could force even the strongest governments to give in to their demands. Brazil's terrorists never developed a benign image; their acts have resulted in 40 deaths and nearly 200 injuries in the past two years.

Until recently, the Tupamaros of Uruguay could claim a large, disciplined membership of 3,000, and a reputation for stealing from the rich to help the poor. Some of their \$1,600,000 haul from kidnapping wealthy businessmen and robbing banks went as welfare to families of imprisoned members. The

good image evaporated last August. In a remarkable parallel to the events in Canada, the Tupamaros abducted and murdered Daniel Mitrione, a U.S. police adviser because the government would not free 160 "political" prisoners. Backed by a shocked public, President Jorge Pacheco Areco got the often cantankerous Uruguayan Congress to grant him emergency powers to fight the terrorists. More than 200 Tupamaros have been collared, in a manhunt that was pursued with decidedly un-Uruguayan zeal. At one house, the troops went so far as to confiscate books on "cubism," because they thought it was propaganda from Havana. So far, however, the troops have not been able to locate two other hostages, American Agronomist Claude Fly and Brazilian General Aloysio Marques Dias Gomide.

**Argentina** is not yet seriously threatened, but the country's military regime has been under siege by half a dozen different terrorist groups. Most of them style themselves not as Marxist or Castroite but as Peronist "protectors of the people," and they number no more than 100 or 200 men each. Last July former President Pedro Aramburu was killed by a Peronist group calling itself the Montoneros (for "hired guns"). The generally are now talking about ousting the Peronists, many of whom are downright bandits, by inviting old Dictator Juan Perón himself to return from Madrid after 15 years in exile.

In Chile, a budding urban guerrilla outfit known as the M.R. was making considerable headway on the argument that Chile's traditional political approaches were not answering the country's social needs. M.R.'s march has been stalled, temporarily at least, by the election of Marxist Salvador Allende as Chile's President.

In the Dominican Republic, it is brutal business as usual. Since conservative President Joaquín Balaguer was elected to a second term last May there have been at least 60 political killings by both the left and the right. Most of the radical M.P.D. (Dominican Popular Movement) leaders have been killed or have escaped to Cuba. That has left the field open to so-called "clandestine commandos." M.P.D. dropouts and bandits who have been known to shoot a politician just to get his gun.

In Guatemala, troops have crushed the rural-based guerrillas who once owned the mountainous northeast but now the survivors are operating in Guatemala City. As many as 500 F.A.R. (Rebel Armed Forces) terrorists specialize in kidnapping and assassinations. The 1968 murder of U.S. Ambassador John Gordon Mein by F.A.R. terrorists was the brutal inaugural of the diplomatic kidnappings in Latin America. Last April, when the government balked at freeing 24 jailed terrorists in return for the kidnapped West German Ambassador, Karl von Spreti, the F.A.R. proved itself ready to kill again.

#### A Mild Revolution

Compared with such goings-on, events in the U.S. still seem relatively tame. But for a year or more, there have been almost daily attacks upon police, military facilities, corporations, universities and other symbols of the institutions that underpin U.S. society. Since the beginning of 1970, there have been nearly 3,000 bombings and more than \$1,000 threats of planted bombs. At least 16 police officers have been slain in unprovoked attacks. In San Francisco last week, as some 400 friends, relatives and fellow policemen gathered for the funeral services of a patrolman who was shot to death during a bank robbery, a bomb exploded, hurling lethal nails into the air. Astonishingly, no one was hurt. In racially tense Cairo, Ill.,



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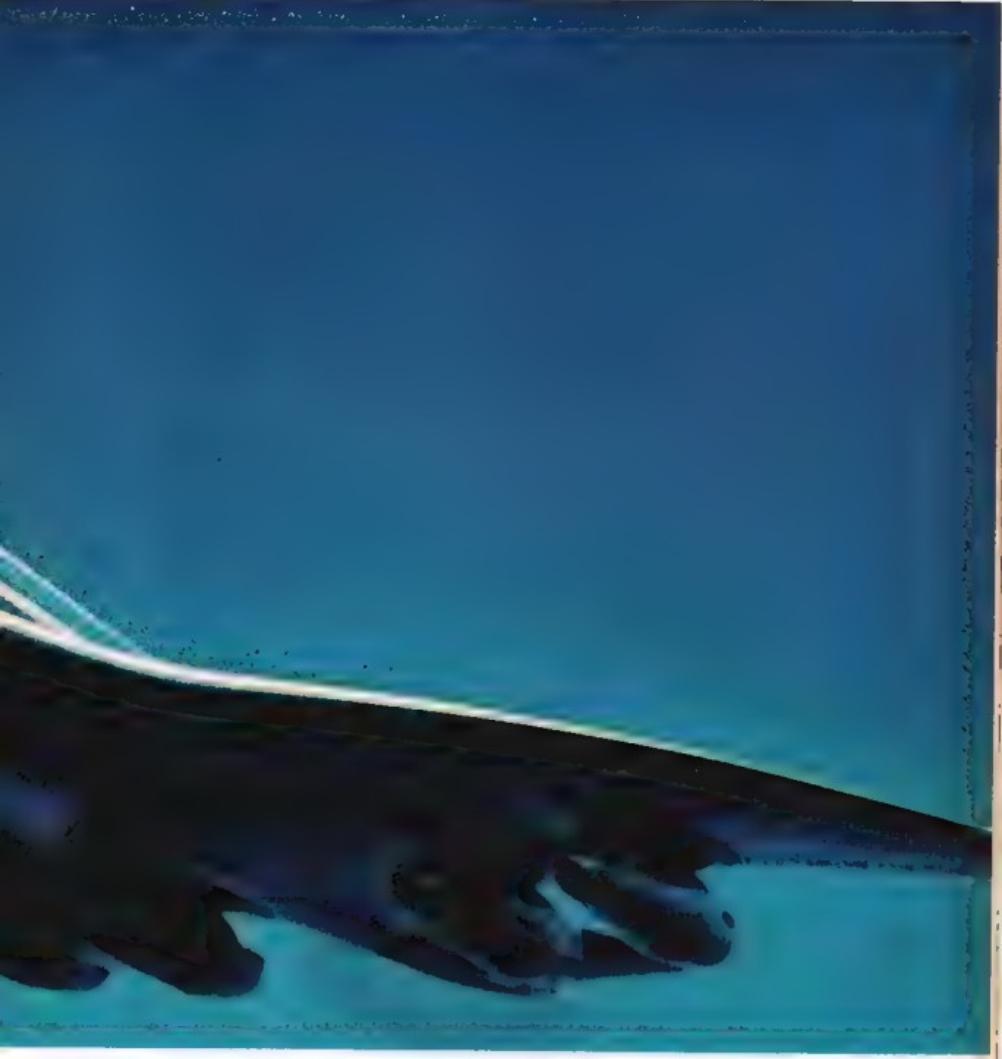
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**WILF**  
NEW YORK 86 PROOF

one night last week, as many as 20 rifle-carrying blacks in Army fatigues attacked the police station three times in six hours. Near bv, arsonists set two stores ablaze, and when fire equipment failed to appear, anonymous callers phoned police and fire officials, demanding to know, "When are you going to send in the pigs?" Says San Jose Police Chief Ray Blackmore: "You hate to use the word, but what's going on is a mild form of revolution."

It is easy to forget that most violence is still committed by individual criminals and psychopaths. Nor has there been a halt to terrorism from the right. Only last week, two members of an anti-black underground group called "The Raiders" were convicted of blowing up 36 school buses in Longview, Texas. Last July, Police in Houston still are hunting bombers who have twice blown up the facilities of the liberal Pacifica Foundation's Radio Station KPFK.

#### Inflammatory Rhetoric

Still, a growing number of bombings and attacks on police are the work of the left extremists. There are roughly a dozen extremist groups bent on revolution in the U.S. Operating with no apparent central direction or any attempt at coordination of tactics, they can, according to official estimates, muster about 4,500 members. There is the "New Year's Gang," a group of University of Wisconsin students who claim credit for bombing an Army-supported research center last August and killing a physics researcher. The gang has warned that if its various demands are not met by the end of this week it will initiate "open warfare and kidnapping of prominent officials." There are the Weathermen, with a long, possibly inflated list of bombings to their discredit.

Like the Weathermen, the Black Panthers, with perhaps 1,000 members, may well be taking the blame for more terrorist activities than they have actually carried out—so far. Though 13 are on trial in New York on charges of a conspiracy to bomb buildings and railroad tracks, no Panther has been convicted of killing a cop or blowing up anything. Some have fired at officers raiding their headquarters, but only Panthers have died in such exchanges. By its own accounts, however, the organization stockpiles arms and ammunitions in "self-defense" and its literature features cartoons in which blacks are shown machine-gunning porcine police. The Panthers' rhetoric is inflammatory and irresponsible, and it is impossible to say how many people take their "off the pig" injunctions seriously. By their own testimony, the Panthers consider themselves urban guerrillas and in solidarity with revolutionary movements outside the U.S.

The ethnic and racial diversity of the U.S., and its relative youth as a country, have much to do with its social unrest. But terrorism occurs in some of the oldest and most settled societies

Europe's oft-revised map—and its tribal feuds—have given rise to many terrorist movements. In the province of Alto Adige on the Italian-Austrian border, German-speaking separatists set off 200 bombs and killed ten policemen over a five-year period to punctuate their demands for reunification with Austria. Belgium's Dutch-speaking Flemings and French-speaking Walloons have been at each other's throats for 50 years, toppling 18 governments in their attempts to gain primacy. The Bretton Liberation Front blows up a police station occasionally by way of reminding Paris of the long-smoldering separatist movement in Brittany. France's forgotten province "Young Protestant and Catholic toughs are still fighting the 1690 Battle of the Boyne in Northern Ireland, and the old Irish Republican Army, whose terrorist tactics of bombing and assassination prefigured today's urban guerrillas by a generation, is showing signs of stirring.

The Continent's major cities are quieter than they were during the Marxist student upheavals of 1968, but there are signs that they are stirring under the influence of the new terror. In Paris, police credit a Maoist group called the Proletarian Left with 82 terrorist acts in the first five months of 1970. This summer, its "No Vacations for the Rich" program featured sabotage attacks on Riviera resorts. Philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre belongs to the 2,000-member group and edits its newspaper, but his efforts have gone unnoticed; the police have confiscated every issue since Sartre took up his pen.

The world's most visible guerrillas are probably the Palestinians. They can hardly be described as "urban" in the desert camps from which they attack Israeli border settlements, and their attempts at sabotaging Israeli cities have been notably unsuccessful. But the fedayeen have scored a major triumph of sorts with the airline hijackings. They now seem to have concluded that such tactics are counter-productive. George

Habash, leader of the extremist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, is reported to have "considerably cooled down" on skyjackings. Nevertheless, they inspired other terrorists by seizing the very symbols of modern technological power and holding the world at bay for a harrowing week of blackmail. They also serve as models and instructors for other terrorist groups.

#### Global Cross-Pollination

One reason the new terror often appears to be epidemic is that the tactics are so similar. The guerrillas all study the same texts—by Mao or Che or Carlos Marighella (see hot, page 20). Instant communications moreover guarantee a sort of global cross-pollination of radicalism. Harvard Professor of Government Seymour Martin Lipset tells of the time he "asked a revolutionary in South America whether he kept in touch with developments in the U.S. He replied, 'We watch television. We saw everything at Berkeley.'

Though the similarities among guerrilla groups seem less a matter of conspiracy than a kind of contagion or psychological empathy, there is evidence that organizations like the Panthers, in the U.S., and Palestinian guerrillas exchange not only ideas and moral support but also financial backing. There is no lack of spots where guerrillas of several continents can get together. In Cuba, Fidel Castro's Sierra Maestra Guerrillero camps have taught more than 5,000 foreign recruits such techniques as sabotage, bomb making and murder since 1961. Most of Castro's trainees have come from Latin America, but he has had numerous callers from the U.S. Among the American Weathermen visiting Cuba have been Mark Rudd, Bernardine Dohrn, and two would-be city-busters who were killed when the Greenwich Village town house that they were using as a bomb factory blew up last March. Diana Oughton and Ted Gold

Black radicals, too, have made the Havana circuit. It was at a conference in

LOUISIANA STATE SENATE AFTER BOMB BLAST LAST APRIL



Cuba in 1967 that former S.N.C.C. Leader Stokely Carmichael declared "America is going to fall, and I only hope to live long enough to see it." Angela Davis, now fighting extradition from New York to California on charges of murder and kidnaping, called on Castro in July 1969.

#### Selective Assassination

Algeria is becoming an ever more popular meeting ground. The 44 Brazilian terrorists who were released from jail and flown to Algiers after the kidnaping of West German Ambassador Ehren von Holleben in Rio last June, have been lounging about Ben Alkotin, a government-owned compound set in flowing gardens in the hills outside Algiers. The Black Panthers formally opened an office in Algiers in September, and there, last week, Panther-in-Residence Eldridge Cleaver welcomed the latest arrivals from the U.S.

Dohrn and Drug Guru Timothy Leary, who was on the lam from a California prison farm where he had been serving time on a narcotics charge, Leary told reporters he would return to the U.S. "after the revolution."

Algeria's Colonel Houari Boumedienne has long been happy to pick up the bills for "serious" visiting revolutionaries, but apparently he did not feel that Dohrn and Leary belonged in that category. At week's end there were reports that the two had been asked to leave Algeria and were on their way to another guerrilla training ground Jordan. Palestinian terrorists have trained radicals from West Germany, Nicaragua and the U.S. in camps outside Amman. A Canadian journalist touring a guerrilla camp in the Jordanian mountains, was astonished to find two young Montrealers in Bedouin headgear learning the craft of "selective assassination." The youths, both members of the F.L.Q., thought that problems with language and unfamiliar Soviet weapons were a small price to pay for "military training which we can easily put into practice when we get back." Recently eight Panthers received six weeks of instruction in bombing and street warfare at a Palestinian commando training camp near Amman. They were recruited by Arabs living in New York on assignment to U.N. missions. The same Arabs reportedly have instituted terrorist training for Panthers in northern New York State. Money also is known to have reached the Panthers from North Korea and from Arab guerrilla organizations through their exiled minister of information, Cleaver.

Who are the urban guerrillas? No government has ever made a systematic effort to develop a profile. In general, says a U.S. Government specialist, the

celi member may fall into any of several categories: "A few are adventurers, in the underground for the hell of it. A few are 'crazies' and there are some idealists of the Marxist 'useful idiot' type." More broadly, the guerrillas can range from outright criminals to blue-collar workers, from romantic, fanatic children of the elite to men of considerable intellect and courage.

What makes them tick? Undoubtedly, the dehumanizing conditions of the modern city contribute to the paranoia that often marks the urban terrorist. Those conditions also intensify his sense of alienation—and make it easier for him to depersonalize the "pigs" and other targets of his violence. Historian Hisham Sharabi, at the American University in

ings of inadequacy. Wahl adds, and therefore have a greater-than-ordinary need for notoriety. Supporting this view, De Paul University Psychologist Thomas Milburn speaks of the "Icarus complex" among many terrorists—"even though you fall to earth, you've tried one spectacular thing."

The Palestinian skyjackers. Historian Sharabi insists, are not suffering from psychic hang-ups, but from such dependency that "literally any means is justified by the end." Leila Khaled, the P.F.L.P.'s almond-eyed, two-time skyjacker, is a case in point. When Leila and an accomplice attempted to seize an El Al 707 in September, they were stopped cold by gunfire from El Al guards (Leila's companion was killed).

Now back in Beirut, where she cuts a modish figure in floppy hats and close-fitting slacks, Leila is downright indignant about the El Al security men. "They had no sense of responsibility," she complained to TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott last week. "Bullets were flying all over the cabin. They were completely ruthless."

As far as her own actions are concerned, Miss Khaled told Correspondent Scott: "If we throw bombs, it is not our responsibility. You may care for the death of a child, but the whole world ignored the death of Palestinian children for 22 years. We are not responsible."

#### Double Danger

How should governments deal with the urban guerrilla threat? Brazil's tough response has put all but a few fanatics out of the terror business, and it is not hard to see why. "When we invade a terrorist cell," explained one Brazilian official last week, "we use twice the force necessary. We make a demonstration so overwhelming that the people know there is absolutely no way out." Off-duty police and troops have also formed unofficial "death squads" to search out and eliminate known terrorists.

Canada and Uruguay have moved decisively, but within constitutional limits, knowing full well that to scrap the constitution à la Brazil would only play into the terrorists' hands by inviting real disorders. In Ottawa, Trudeau's Cabinet is already drawing up new laws to replace the War Measures Act, so as to permit more effective action against civil disorders. With its May 1968 upheaval in mind, France has beefed up its police force, and enacted a tough new anti-demonstration measure known as the "anti-wrecker's law." Under the law, police can arrest anyone standing in sight of an unlawful demonstration.

Compared to some of these foreign countermeasures against urban guerrillas, the U.S. is still proceeding mildly.



CARS DESTROYED IN RIO GRENADE ATTACK  
*An international disease.*

Beirut, maintains that there are two ways to view the terrorist. "The sympathetic approach holds that the individual is overcome by despair that he will ever accomplish anything by conventional means, and one implication is the severance of the last ethical link with established values in society." The hostile approach, he says, is to "see a common denominator in childhood experience, psychic debility or even derangement."

Psychologists like U.C.I.A.'s Charles Wahl favor the hard view. All revolutionaries, Wahl says, have had fathers who stood at one or the other of two extremes: "strict, cruel and unjust or weak, vacillating, ineffective or absent altogether." The son grows up hating the father, and learning to take on the cop, capitalism and the Establishment. He can, says Wahl, even murder without guilt. Many revolutionaries suffer from searing feel-

all the loose talk about "repression" notwithstanding. Certainly, given the present political climate in the U.S., no American President could have invoked wartime powers as easily as Trudeau did to summarily outlaw a group of militant dissidents. In the U.S., officials can move strongly against an urban guerrilla threat under the recently enacted Organized Crime Control Law; among other things it gives the FBI a green light to investigate bombings or attacks on police, cases that previously were not normally handled by federal authorities. On one issue U.S. officials insist that they intend to play it tough. If an official or a foreign diplomat is kidnapped, they maintain that they will reject ransom demands in an effort to discourage terrorists from trying again. Despite the obvious need for toughness in such situations, any democratic country faces dangers from too harsh as well as from too weak a reaction. The only countries that may prove immune to the new terror may be the most authoritarian ones. Winning out over terror is of little benefit if it leads to a police force with permanently enlarged powers and a citizenry with permanently curtailed rights. In fact, this is precisely what many of the guerrillas want to bring about: government repression that provokes widespread discontent and ultimately revolution. The final weapon against the urban guerrilla is a secure and self-confident society that can contain its enemies without resorting to the terrorists' own methods.

At Manhattan's John Jay College of Criminal Justice which conducts liberal-arts training for New York police officers, Law Professor Isadore Silver argues that the U.S. has had it relatively easy so far because terrorists have been committing acts that are more symbolic than anything else. "They attack police stations, corporate headquarters, research labs, but more often than not they call and warn in advance that they're going to do it," says Silver. "It's as though they were sending up one last desperate cry: 'Damn it, pay some attention to us!'

#### Pay Attention

The U.S. is paying plenty of attention to them, both to their excesses and to the underlying causes of their de spite, if despair it is. In fact, some observers believe that the radical movement in the U.S. has passed its peak. Harvard's Seymour Lipset notes that "terrorism can mark either the beginning or the end of a movement."

It is undoubtedly far too soon to proclaim the end of the urban guerrillas in the U.S. Sooner or later, however, the terrorists themselves may pay closer heed to a lesson that their hero Mao Tse tung could have taught them. "Guerrilla warfare must fail," Mao wrote, "if its political objectives do not coincide with the aspirations of the people and their sympathy, cooperation and assistance cannot be gained."

## DIPLOMACY The Faith of Nations

*One of the paramount problems of our time is that we must transcend the old patterns of power politics in which nations sought to exploit every volatile situation for their own advantage or to squeeze the maximum advantage for themselves out of every negotiation.*

With these words Richard Nixon last week explained the prerequisite for the era of negotiation into which he aspires to lead the two superpowers. In a speech at the United Nations to mark its 25th anniversary, the President stressed the necessity for nations to refrain from the all-too-common diplomatic practice of deception and ruse. "The profoundest national interest of our time, for every nation," said the President, "is not immediate gain but the preservation of peace."

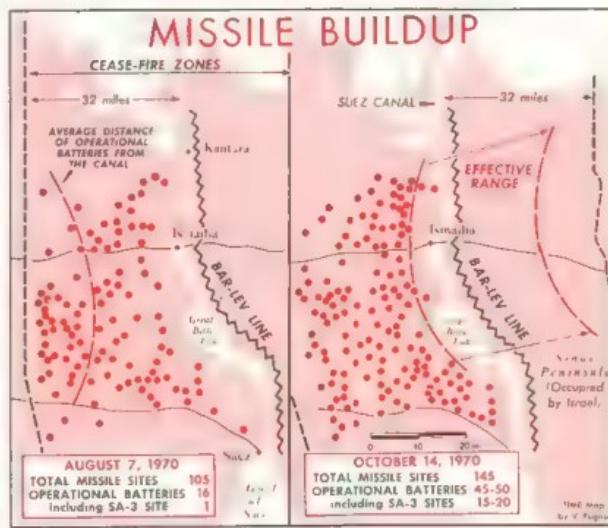
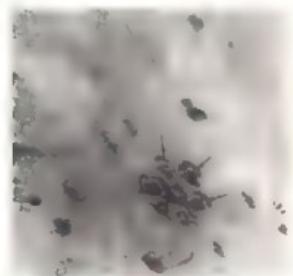
Nixon conceded that the U.S. and Soviet Union remain divided by profound differences. Nonetheless, he urged both powers to keep their competition "peaceful" and "creative," warning of the dangers of accidental confrontations. History shows, as the tragic experience of World War I indicates, that great powers can be drawn into conflict without their intending it, by wars between smaller nations.

**Essential Element.** Nixon was thinking of the Middle East. During the preliminary soundings for the cease fire plan put forward by Secretary of State William Rogers, the Soviets gave their support, raising the possibility that they were finally ready to work with the U.S. for equitable settlements there and elsewhere. But Soviet actions have since undermined the essential element for international settlements, faith in the other side's intentions.

The most serious of Moscow's du-



ISRAELI PHOTO OF EMPTY SAM SITE SEPT. 13 AND WITH MISSILES (SEPT. 21)



ious tactics was the Soviet-directed emplacement of a vast antiaircraft missile system on the west side of the Suez Canal. Soviet diplomats verbally approved the Rogers plan, which specifically prohibited new military buildup in a 32-mile-wide zone on either bank of the canal. Nevertheless, ever since the standstill went into effect at midnight Cairo time on Aug. 7, the Soviets and Egyptians have been installing new antiaircraft missiles there.

Israel, which last week vainly filed its 23rd complaint against the introduction of new weapons into the standstill zone, now estimates that some 45 to 50 SAM batteries are fully operational and another 100 sites have been prepared to receive missiles. The batteries, each containing six missile launchers, have continually edged forward, so that the SAMs now have theoretical command of the air space behind Israel's Bar-Lev Line on the Suez's east bank. If hostilities resume and Egyptian guns again pound the Israeli fortifications, the SAMs could exact a heavy toll from Israeli fighter-bombers crossing the Canal to silence Egyptian artillery. Since at least

Washington for providing Israel with new weapons. In fact, the Nixon Administration has offered a new \$500 million arms package to Israel, including some 200 modern tanks and 18 additional Phantom F-4 fighter-bombers. This shower of arms and other supplies for the Israelis was bound to infuriate the Arabs. What ever happened to that "more even-handed" approach to the Middle East that the Nixon Administration once promised? Washington argues that the weapons are necessary to restore the strategic balance upset by the emplacement of Soviet-built missiles in the *cease fire zone*.

It is difficult to blame the Egyptians and Russians for wanting to install missiles in the first place; the Israeli air force was clobbering Egypt almost at will, so that Moscow felt it had to provide some help for its client and ally. Egypt argues that protection against fu-

their Suez guns silent—in effect, informally extending the cease-fire—the momentum for a Middle East settlement has been all but lost.

Actually, the Israelis seem anything but pleased. The missile violations gave Jerusalem the perfect excuse to stall negotiations without seeming to be unreasonable. They also benefited Israel by turning on the U.S. arms faucet again.

Before Nixon spoke at the UN, he invited Gromyko to the White House for what turned out to be a two-hour and 40-minute talk. Both men were aware that the current tension in U.S.-Soviet relations has cast a shadow over the crucial Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT), which are scheduled to reconvene next week in Helsinki. Although Gromyko emphasized Soviet hopes for a successful agreement, the Kremlin has raised American suspicion by stepping up experiments with two models of MIRV (multiple, independently targeted re-entry vehicle), which are designed to be borne by the giant SS-9 and the smaller SS-11 missiles. In response, the Pentagon last week authorized the Navy to triple its research program on CLIMs (undersea long range missile system), which could eventually become the most effective nuclear deterrent if the Soviets develop the capacity to knock out American land-based bombers and Minutemen.

**Sudden Drama.** The Soviet Foreign Minister declined to soften Russia's recently restated demand for the severing of all of West Germany's governmental ties to West Berlin as the price for easing Communist control of the isolated city's vital access routes. Both Nixon and Gromyko steered away from one subject that had presumably been settled: the "submarine base" allegedly under construction at Cienfuegos, Cuba. Under a secret agreement reportedly reached earlier, the Soviet Union agreed to withdraw the four submarine-refueling and supply vessels sighted at Cienfuegos in return for a U.S. promise to soft-pedal the incident. Nixon decided not to mention it to Gromyko, although the vessels are not yet outside Cuban waters. Two are still in Cienfuegos and two in a harbor near Havana.

A note of sudden drama was injected into the meeting when Nixon was informed by an aide that a light aircraft carrying two U.S. generals had strayed across the Turkish border and made an emergency landing in Soviet Armenia. The President immediately told Gromyko that he hoped the generals, their pilot and a Turkish liaison officer would be released quickly. Gromyko responded that the Soviets would take the "necessary step" to investigate the incident, which was apparently caused by bad weather. At week's end the foursome, including Major General Edward Scherzer and Brigadier General Claude McQuarrie Jr., remained in Soviet custody. Despite requests from the U.S. embassy in Moscow, American representatives had still not been allowed to see them.



ISRAELI PREMIER GOLDA MEIR

ture Israeli attacks along the cease-fire strip also is vital to its security. However, violating a formal truce to achieve this protection is a serious matter.

Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad, in a private conference with Rogers, came up with the most novel explanation yet for the missiles' sudden appearance in the desert. The sites were installed before the cease-fire went into effect, he said, but were "covered with sand." All the Egyptians did after Aug. 7 was to sweep off the sand. "How about covering a few back up?" deadpanned Rogers.

**Perfect Excuse.** What disturbs and angers the U.S. is that the Soviets have no desire to pressure Egypt to make even that tiny "rectification." As a result, the Rogers peace initiative seems officially doomed after next week, when the 90-day cease-fire expires. Israel has refused to enter Middle East peace negotiations until all the missiles are removed. Last week Premier Golda Meir reiterated that position in an address to the General Assembly and in talks with Nixon. Egypt countered by refusing to extend the cease-fire unless negotiations started. While both sides seem inclined to keep



SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER ANDREI GROMYKO

15 of the sites house highly sophisticated SA-3s, which are manned by Russians. The Israelis estimate that as many as 3,000 to 4,000 Soviet technicians are stationed within the standstill zone. The SAMs, which constitute one of the greatest antiaircraft shields in history, form a rough triangle along the Suez Canal, guarding the routes to Cairo and the Nile Delta (see maps).

The Soviets and Egyptians refuse to admit that they have violated the cease-fire. In private, some Soviet officials have pushed the line that even if the Egyptians did slip a few missiles into the cease-fire zone, they did it without Soviet responsibility and, anyway, it did not matter much. The story is hard to swallow, considering the substantial number of Soviet technicians on the scene. In a speech to the U.N., Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko scoffed at the American charges of Soviet violations as "nothing but a fabrication" and criticized Wash-

Dodge. The people's car. The New Yorker Magazine. 1970.



Officer: "Sir, can you tell me what color car?"



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Can you think of a better reason for owning one?

**Bulova. These days the right time isn't enough.**

## THE WAR

### Vietnamization in the Air

"The target today is a suspected enemy location near the gully behind that clump of trees," says the American Forward Air Controller (FAC) from a tiny spotter plane just above the treetops some 30 miles northwest of Saigon. On the receiving end of the message is a South Vietnamese pilot, Captain Hoang Manh Dzung, 28, who is flying a propeller-driven A-1 Skyraider with a 4,000-lb. bomb load. Suddenly, standing the plane on its nose, Captain Dzung swoops down, releases a 500-lb. bomb and pulls adroitly out of the dive. After several more runs, the FAC radios: "Very nice. Hundred percent of the bombs were on target." To a companion in the cockpit, Captain Dzung says: "Oh, we do that every day."

As the U.S. continues to turn over the burden of fighting the war to the South Vietnamese, the Viet Nam air force is rapidly coming into its own. Already it has doubled its combat missions to 40% of the total flown throughout the country, and it is also handling a considerable part of the bombing inside Cambodia. The South Vietnamese are receiving sizable numbers of planes. At the start of 1970, they had only 400 aircraft, including 125 helicopters. By the end of 1971, they will have about 800, half of them helicopters. South Viet Nam now has 26 squadrons and 1,300 pilots; roughly as many men are in flight training.

Though Vietnamese pilots often must sit on pillows to see over the instrument panel of American-made planes, they are by no means short on combat

experience. Most American pilots, whose combat tour in Viet Nam usually lasts only one year, can expect to fly 200 to 300 sorties, or about 400 to 600 combat hours. Many Vietnamese pilots have been flying combat missions for years and boast up to 4,000 flying hours, 90% of them in combat. As a result, says General Lucius D. Clay Jr., commander of the Seventh Air Force and son of the famous World War II general, "they can put a bomb in the ashtray on your desk."

**Time for Girls.** When they want to, that is. Like their famed colleague, Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, who also flew an A-1, South Vietnamese pilots are flashy, hard-living and at times subordinate. The Vietnamese pilot may refuse to make a tactical support strike if he does not happen to like the ground commander calling for one. "American pilots go wherever and whenever they are ordered, with no questions asked," says one South Vietnamese ground commander. "With the Vietnamese, you can never be sure. If you call for an air strike in the late afternoon, they will say that they do not have enough fuel. Yet they always have enough fuel to fly home in time to take their favorite girl out for dinner."

For their part, the pilots complain that they are not being given the hottest U.S. aircraft. The U.S. has turned over 20 C-119 and 20 C-47 overaged transports as well as 100 Cessna A-37 light bombers to Saigon. The Vietnamese would have preferred the much newer C-7 Caribou transports and the faster and more sophisticated A-7 Corsair jet fighters developed by the U.S. Navy. South Vietnamese commanders

also complain that while the U.S. needed 4,000 helicopters to conduct the war, it is giving the V.N.A.F. fewer than 500.

Perhaps the greatest worry to the Vietnamese are reports that North Viet Nam may have moved some of its 200-old MiGs, including new long-range models, toward the 17th parallel, within closer striking range of Saigon. But the U.S. has no plans to hand over to the South Vietnamese any of its supersonic F-4 Phantoms or F-105 Thunderchiefs which are a match for the MiGs. The official reason is that they are too complicated for the Vietnamese to operate privately. U.S. officials concede that they fear to give the South Vietnamese planes like the Phantoms that could deliver a bomb from Saigon to Hanoi in 27 minutes.

American officers argue that Saigon really need not worry about a precipitous weakening of its air defenses since the U.S. is simply not leaving that quickly and will be keeping a few in Thailand and elsewhere. At present, there are about 280 Phantoms at Thai bases or on the remaining U.S. Air Force bases in South Viet Nam. In almost ten years of war in Indochina, the U.S. has lost 7,316 aircraft.

Despite the promising progress of the South Vietnamese air force, some U.S. airmen are reluctant to give up an American combat role. "My men grumble that they are frustrated—that there are no good targets left any more," says one U.S. Air Force wing commander. "But I always remind them of the plight of pilots back in the States 'Let's face it.' I tell them, 'Viet Nam is the only place in the world today where you can drop real bombs.'



### Mass Matrimony in Seoul

As the Korean navy band belted out the bridal march from *Lohengrin*, 791 couples from all over the world filed into a huge indoor gym in the South Korean capital. The brides wore the traditional Korean maxi-length skirts and matching white *chogori* (blouses), and the men were dressed mainly in flannel suits. Resplendent on the platform in front of them stood Master Sun Myung Moon and his wife in golden robes and glistening crowns. As two thousand curious spectators looked on, Master Moon intoned: "Will you swear to love your spouse forever?" The 1,582 men and women responded: "Ye" (Korean for yes).

A refugee from North Korea, Moon, 50, was a day la-borer in Pusan before he founded the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity in 1950. So far, his main achievement has been to unify growing numbers of couples, who travel from the U.S. and all parts of the non-Communist world to take part in the mass nuptials. Reason: they accept Moon's prophecy that Christ will be resurrected in Seoul. Moon has held six mass ceremonies since 1960, involving a grand total of 3,004 men and women. The popularity of these rites is especially unusual in view of the condition imposed by Moon's rather special spiritual code. Last week, as the newlyweds left the ceremony, they were reminded that they must not consummate their marriage until 40 days have passed.

## PEOPLE

Subpoenaed to testify in a murder trial, Writer Truman Capote played hard to get and got himself slapped with a \$500 fine and a three-day jail sentence for what the judge called "plain old contempt." Capote wheeled up to do his time in a black Mercedes, a blue suit and shades. "I've been in 30 or 40 jails and prisons," boasted the author of *In Cold Blood*. "but this is the first time I'll ever be in one as a prisoner." Eighteen hours later he was sprung, after his doctor expressed "apprehension" about Truman's health.

Old England swings along—at least for the over-40s. Where else would Claudette Colbert, 63, open up with such a generous smile? She was on hand to attend a London auction and make U.S. watchers of the late show feel nostalgic. Where else would Veronica Lake, 50, decide to spend the rest of her days with both eyes showing, serving tea to friends? Her famed, blonde "peekaboo" hair now

live of a mammoth organization like the BBC would ask. "Then to the interpreter 'Don't translate that.' The way the Italian press got it, the Duke politely answered, "Brown."

Does it desecrate the American flag to sit on it? Not, presumably, when the sitter is Raquel Welch. Haled into a Philadelphia court for having a picnic

rying J.F.K.'s body back to Washington. There were other excerpts from Lady Bird's forthcoming book, *A White House Diary*, a month after ordering the bombing of North Viet Nam: "I can't get out. I can't finish it with what I've got. So what the hell can I do?" Lady Bird, on Daughter Lucy's dress for her baptism into the Roman Catholic Church: "About as inconspicuous as Brigitte Bardot." On Lynda Bird's boy friend, Actor George Hamilton: "Part of the wine of life, exciting and heady." On the surprises in L.B.J.'s bedroom: "I walked in this morning for coffee, and who should be sitting there but Richard Nixon." L.B.J., musing about Vice President Hubert Humphrey "If I could just breed him to Calvin Coolidge . . ."

Trumpeted as THE 75 MOST IMPORTANT WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES, and set to run in the January *Ladies' Home Journal*, the list is more interesting for its omissions than its inclusions. Among the latter: Rose Mary Woods, President Nixon's longtime sec-



VERONICA LAKE  
A sitter . . .

wavy rather than flowing, thrice-married Miss Lake is settling in Suffolk Marriage? "I don't have any special man friend—although I do enjoy an Englishman's company and wit."

Britain's Prince Philip was in Italy in his role as vice president of the World Wildlife Fund ("After all, if there were no wild animals, there would be nothing to hunt"). There was, in fact, nothing to hunt at Abruzzi National Park, but later when a BBC reporter asked him the color of the rare Abruzzi bears, Philip became unaccountably testy: "That's just the sort of silly bloody question the representa-



RAQUEL WELCH  
A sitter . . .

on a flag, five young men defended themselves with a photo of Raquel's noteworthy anatomy cradled in the stars and snuggled in the stripes. Municipal Judge Robert A. Lairone was impressed: "Do we condone that and prosecute these defendants?" he asked. "When she cloaks herself in the flag, is she glamorizing the flag or desecrating it?" Case dismissed.

A flutter of fingers, a kiss-kiss of lips, a toss-up of locks—it was Tiny Tim in Yorkshire at the start of a five-week tour of England. But Tim's manner seemed so inappropriate to his master (*The Land of Hope and Glory*, the superpatriotic hymn to Britain from Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance*) that one-time Coldstream Guardsman Jim Smith, 34, felt impelled to wrest the mike away. "This man was running down England," barked the unrepentant Guardsman. "I'm quitting," trilled the unrepentant singer who therewith flounced back to the States.

"We never even wanted to be Vice President and now, dear God, it's come to this," said Lady Bird Johnson to Jacqueline Kennedy aboard the plane car-



CLAUDETTE COLBERT  
A smiler.

etary. Among the former: Ethel Kennedy, who has been on the Gallup list of the Ten Most Admired Women in the World for two years running.

If Critic-Conceiver Kenneth Tynan (*Oh! Calcutta!*), Entrepreneur Hugh Hefner (*Playboy*), and Director Roman Polanski (*Knife in the Water*) collaborate to make a movie, what will its title be? *Macbeth?* Shooting is scheduled to start in northern Wales next week with a script by Polanski, Tynan and Shakespeare, and a cast of unknowns, young enough to make the Weird Sisters too unattractive with their clothes off

YOU WERE PACKING THE CAR  
FOR THE BIG TRIP AND YOUR WIFE  
SAID YOU'D HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN  
YOUR GOLF CLUBS AND YOUR  
MOTHER-IN-LAW AND YOU DID?



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MRS HOLL AFTER \$1.5 MILLION AWARD

## The Malpractice Mess

A surgeon places an unnecessarily tight cast on a young boy's broken leg and ignores his complaints of discomfort. The leg develops gangrene and has to be amputated. The boy's parents sue the doctor. Another surgeon accidentally punctures a 40-year-old man's esophagus. An infection develops, and the patient hovers on the brink of death. The patient sues the surgeon.

Once a relative rarity, malpractice suits are now common throughout the U.S. In California alone, such cases increased 4% from 1966 to 1969. According to the American Medical Association, one-fourth of all U.S. physicians will be sued for malpractice before the end of their careers. Those most likely to be affected are neurosurgeons, orthopedic surgeons, plastic surgeons, anesthesiologists, obstetricians and general surgeons. Those least likely are small-town ophthalmologists.

**Enormous Cost.** To some degree, the increase in malpractice suits is a byproduct of medical progress. "The success of modern medicine has led many people to expect the perfect result all the time," says A.M.A. General Counsel Bernard Hirsh. "When they don't get the perfect result, they consider it negligence." Others blame the increase on a health care system that takes the patient out of the hands of a family doctor and places him in those of a specialized stranger. They point out that while people rarely sue physicians they know and trust, they often sue specialists.

Lawyers now reject nine out of ten malpractice cases on the grounds that they are unjustifiable. Most of those they take are settled out of court. Of

those that go to trial, physicians win at least two out of three.

Even so, the cost of such suits is enormous, and sympathetic juries keep raising the ante. A New York State court recently awarded \$750,000 to a man who lost the use of both legs as the result of a spinal operation. In Miami, Mrs. Ellen Holl won \$1,500,000 in damages for a postoperative drug dose that left her permanently disabled. In addition, out-of-court settlements of more than \$100,000 are fairly common. When Baja Marimba Band Guitarist Ervan Coleman died in Los Angeles following a supposedly routine ear operation, for example, his widow sued the anesthesiologists. They settled for \$887,500.

In the 1940s, recalls San Francisco's Melvin Belli, "you'd walk into court suing a doctor, and the judge would laugh at you." Now many courts have made such suits easier. In several states, lawyers are allowed to cite medical textbooks as expert testimony in some malpractice cases. Under the doctrine of *res ipsa loquitur* (the thing speaks for itself), a plaintiff proves a major portion of his case when he shows that his injuries would not normally have occurred without negligence. In turn, the defendant is forced to produce evidence that he was not negligent. Doctors' changing attitudes have also helped aggrieved patients. Though many physicians still fear ostracism or cancellation of their own malpractice insurance if they testify against their colleagues, growing numbers are willing to criticize medical error.

**Economic Impact.** As a result, no U.S. insurance company has made a profit on malpractice coverage since 1958. Many have ceased writing liability policies for physicians. Those still in business have sharply raised their

FORCEPS IN PATIENT'S ABDOMEN  
A byproduct of progress.

## The Doctor's Fault: Three Cases

ANY people joke about surgeons leaving assorted instruments in their patients. Not John Everard, 33, a worker in an airplane factory in Glendale, Calif. Shortly after Everard had undergone a gallbladder operation, he began to feel pains in his lower right abdomen. His physician assured him that his discomfort was normal and would soon disappear. It persisted; more than two years later, an X ray revealed why. Everard's surgeon had failed to remove a hemostat, or surgical clamp, which had lodged in his patient's abdominal cavity. The facts speak for themselves, argued Everard's attorney. They did indeed. Holding that such a condition could only result from negligence, a court duly awarded the man \$12,500.

The issues were less clear-cut in the case of Mrs. Santa Terciaca, 51, a Cleveland housewife. Bothered by the worsening of a chronic limp, she had an operation for the removal of a small tumor on her spinal cord, and ended up paralyzed from the chest down. Her doctors claimed that the result was unfortunate but unavoidable. Mrs. Terciaca replied that she had been unaware of the risks. "The doctors," she told the court, "only told me that it

would be as simple an operation as a tonsillectomy." The defendants apparently agreed that they should have told her more about the risks involved in the operation. The case was settled out of court for \$40,000.

Far more frightening is the case of Louisa Alvaro, 26. A healthy mother of two, she began to hemorrhage during delivery of normal twins at a New York City hospital. Fifteen hours later she was dead. Doctors and hospital officials contended that her death was the result of a pre-existing liver condition and that everything had been done to save her. Her husband's attorney proved otherwise. Relying on expert testimony that tests were needed to determine the compatibility of Mrs. Alvaro's blood with blood administered during a transfusion, he was able to show that no tests were performed and that Mrs. Alvaro was virtually ignored by hospital personnel until it was too late to do anything for her. Accepting the lawyer's contention that Mrs. Alvaro died because "nobody cared," a jury found the hospital and attending physicians negligent. The final award: \$60,000 to the woman's family.

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They knew if a shirt carried the Celanese Fortrel label, the fabric style had been subjected to 32 different performance, content requirement and construction tests. They knew it had gone through severe heat and light, pulling and hauling, water torture and intense wear and tear tests for 90 days. And they knew the fabric style had passed—with flying colors.

Of course, Sears being Sears, they're not satisfied until they do their own testing. And re-testing. Once Sears is satisfied, they know you'll be satisfied. With the fabric, the styles, the colors, the patterns. And the price. Makes a pretty convincing case for Celanese Fortrel and The-Comfort-Shirt—the body shirts shown on this page and the other styles shown on the next three pages. Available in most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, and in the Catalog. Court adjourned.

**Now they've  
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good behavior.**

.it's called The-Comfort-Shirt because it gives you the delightful feeling of not wearing a dress shirt and tie when you're wearing a dress shirt and tie.

The big difference is the exclusive C-Band® Collar.

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Other shirts have a band in the back of their collar, too. Only it's shaped like the letter "I." This seems curious since the backs of most necks are shaped like the letter "C."

The-Comfort-Shirt's collar, shaped exactly like the letter "C," is more comfortable because it's contoured to follow the contour of the neck.

The-Comfort-Shirt is also unusual from the neck down. It's tailored with a curved yoke, tapered sleeves and body, extra-long shirttails and color matched buttons.

**And it's a Perma-Prest® dress shirt**

Most other no-iron shirts are pre-cured. That's where the fabric is heat-set, then pressed, and then made into a shirt. Unfortunately, this also means any mistakes are made into a shirt. Sears found a way to reverse the process.

Sears started with the 50% Fortrel polyester and 50% cotton blend because they knew a quality shirt had to begin with a qual-



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Your wife may buy The-Comfort-Shirt because she never has to iron it when tumble-dried. Your son may buy it so he can borrow it. Or you may buy it for yourself because you'll forget you've got it on.

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## The-Comfort-Shirt.

**You'll forget  
you've got it on.**





The Men's Store

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tails. Not so long  
that they bunch up  
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A new "curved cockpit" instrument panel that may make you feel more like a pilot than a driver.

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**If you had to compete with GM, Ford and Chrysler, what would you do?  American Motors**



rates. The insurance group that formerly covered 11,000 Southern California physicians doubled its average premiums last year; thus a general surgeon who had been paying \$1,508 for insurance was obliged to pay \$3,140 for the same coverage. Last year surgeons in Utah were paying an average of \$3,910 more than 13 times the \$294 they paid in 1968.

In the end, the cost of malpractice insurance is borne by patients. This is one reason for the 21% rise in doctors' fees since 1967, to say nothing of extra tests and X rays ordered by doctors who fear malpractice suits. Worse, many doctors have begun to practice defensive medicine. Some refrain from prescribing drugs or recommending surgery that might run the slightest risk; others avoid cases in which they cannot virtually guarantee success. The result, says Dr. Richard Gibbs, chairman of the Massachusetts Medical Society's committee on professional liability, is "in the worst possible interest of the people of the country."

Senator Abraham Ribicoff, whose Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization studied the malpractice mess last October, said it was becoming a "national crisis." But few agree on what action should be taken. Most physicians support legislation limiting their liability; many urge the A.M.A. or the Government to underwrite a reinsurance pool for physicians who cannot obtain malpractice insurance from other carriers. Some suggest that the patient carry surgical-accident insurance similar to that now available to airline passengers. Almost all attack the contingent-fee system under which lawyers receive a portion, usually one-third, of any award made to the patient.

**Sensible System.** Lawyers take a different position. Many argue that malpractice suits enable society to help bear the cost of human tragedy, and they support Los Angeles Attorney David Harvey's contention that the medical community has a "proneness toward patient neglect and disregard." They also defend the contingent-fee system on the grounds that it enables even the poorest patient to bring his case to court.

But both sides agree that many court cases could be avoided by a sensible system of pretrial arbitration like that adopted in Pima County, Ariz., in 1957 and since copied in various forms in about 20 other states. In Arizona, a panel of doctors and lawyers screens malpractice claims to determine whether or not the patient really has a case. If they think he has, they recommend that it be settled out of court. Neither doctors nor patients are bound by the panel's decisions. But most go along, and for good reason. In 13 years, no plain tiff turned down by the panel has succeeded in court. Only one doctor refused to settle. When he lost the trial that he had insisted on, the court awarded his patient \$47,000.

## ENVIRONMENT

### The Agent Orange Affair

The U.S. Army in Viet Nam long used a defoliant known as "Agent Orange" without qualms as a crop-killing spray. Purpose: to deny food to enemy forces. Last year, a secret study sponsored by the National Cancer Institute raised grave doubts about a prime ingredient in Orange, the chemical compound 2,4,5-T. When the substance was fed in small doses to laboratory rats and mice, 80% of their offspring were stillborn, and 39% of the survivors were deformed.

Because Orange only reduces plant yield by two-thirds, individual plants,



U.S. PLANES ON DEFOLIATION RUN  
Defying the ban.

though tainted, often look edible. Therefore, the study clearly suggests, the Army was inadvertently poisoning civilians as well as enemy soldiers. Government officials classified the report. But after concerned environmentalists and scientists brought the report to light, the Department of Defense on April 15 officially suspended the use of Agent Orange in Viet Nam.

**No Milkshakes.** In Saigon last week the Army admitted that some of its units have been using Agent Orange despite the suspension. The man who dug up the evidence—and then passed it on to TIME—was Ronald Ridenhour, the former Army Ranger whose letters to Congress started the investigation into the My Lai massacre. Now a freelance journalist, Ridenhour recently spent ten days visiting the American Division in Chu Lai, where he began hearing rumors about the continuing use of Agent Orange.

When Ridenhour asked Captain John Morrison, commanding officer of the

90th Chemical Detachment, whether his unit had used Orange since the suspension, Morrison firmly replied, "None whatsoever. I've used nothing but Blue defoliant." By contrast, Morrison's enlisted men told Ridenhour that Agent Orange has been sprayed since April on hundreds of acres of farmland in the highlands of Quang Ngai province. As evidence, they pointed to the fact that 145 barrels of the chemical were carried on their unit's books, but only 40 were actually on hand. What happened to the missing barrels? "We sprayed a lot of it," said David Church, a 21-year-old draftee from Pawtucket, R.I. "Hell, we've been using it all through the summer," added Larry Beckner of Spokane, Wash. Remarked another soldier: "If we ain't been using it, where do you think those missing barrels went? We sure ain't been making milkshakes out of it."

The men of the 90th Chemical Detachment claim that Orange has been sprayed by other units in the American Division as well as their own. The stated reason for spraying the crops—which all belong to Montagnard tribesmen—was that the Army suspects the harvest was being given to the Viet Cong. Knowledgeable observers point out that the traditional ethnic hatred between Montagnards and all other Vietnamese makes it unlikely they would voluntarily supply food to either side.

**Whose Orders?** In theory, permission to spray defoliants in a given area is granted by General Creighton Abrams, the U.S. Commander in Viet Nam and by Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker. In practice, orders for individual defoliation missions are given on a much lower level.

Presented with Ridenhour's charge, Army spokesmen in Washington were at first incredulous. But later they announced: "It appears that the American Division may have used some Orange herbicide since the suspension was put into effect. An investigation is under way to determine all facts related to this apparent violation." Last week the Army went further. A terse statement released by the U.S. Command in Viet Nam said that "a preliminary investigation . . . has determined that Agent Orange was used on several occasions in May, July and August by elements of the American Division in violation of existing instructions. During this period, a total of approximately 100 drums of 55 gallons each was dispensed by helicopter and ground-pump methods."

According to the statement, the defoliant was used in both Quang Ngai and Quang Tin provinces, which supports information given to Ridenhour.

Agent Blue, whose use has not been suspended, is a solution of cacodyl and containing 5% arsenic. In Viet Nam, where it sometimes gets into drinking water, Blue spray is used to kill rice and garden crops at a much greater strength than is considered safe for killing weeds in the U.S.

that the spraying was carried out by more than one unit in the division. Thus, Ridenhour believes that the spraying must have been authorized on the divisional level.

## Money Munchers

America is so rich that it has money to burn. In fact, the Treasury Department and most of the nation's 36 Federal Reserve Banks and branches are now incinerating (and then replacing) worn-out bills at the rate of \$9 billion a year. The department has now faced up to the fact that this conflagration is a source of air pollution.

With impeccable environmental concern, Treasury renounced incinerators in favor of pulverizers—machines that munch money, then pound the shredded paper into compact packages. The first pulverizers will probably be installed in the Minneapolis Federal Reserve Bank in about six months. Within five years, says Treasury, all of America's discarded dollars may be recycled into such products as plastic, fiberboard and roofing material. One proposed scheme—using shredded money for building insulation—would give householders the happy illusion of being literally surrounded by millions of greenbacks.

## Fighting the Fire Ant

The tools used by man to control his environment often contain unknown dangers. DDT, for example, was once heralded as the ultimate pesticide, then was deemed an insidious killer. Now the U.S. Government finds itself in court defending a newer pesticide called Mirex, which conservationists claim has toxic side effects.

The trouble was caused by the fire ant, an agricultural pest that entered the U.S. from South America about 50 years ago and is now considered a problem in most Southeastern states. The fire ant creeps mounds on cleared land; like natural tank traps, the mounds foul farm machinery. Worse, the ant has a stinging bite that plagues farmers and city dwellers and can even kill small animals.

**Sledgehammer v. Gnat.** The Department of Agriculture is trying to banish the fire ant. But its latest plan for doing it is under sharp attack by three conservationist groups—the Environmental Defense Fund, the National Wildlife Federation and CLEAN (Committee for Leaving the Environment in America Natural). The Department's program calls for discharging 450 million pounds of a bait containing 1,350,000 lbs. of Mirex—a powerful chlorinated hydrocarbon—on 150 million acres of land in nine Southern states. In a suit filed in U.S. district court in Washington, D.C., "on behalf of all citizens of the United States concerned with protecting the environment," the conservationists seek to enjoin the ambitious twelve-year project on the grounds that it is unnecessary and dangerous. In effect, they say, it resembles



MOUNDS IN ALABAMA FIELD  
Who speaks for all citizens?

the use of a sledgehammer to kill a gnat.

The plaintiffs' greatest concern is that far too little is known about the impact of Mirex when applied on a massive scale over a period of years. They are impressed by Government reports that no adverse effects have appeared so far in Georgia, Florida and Mississippi, where Mirex has already been applied to 3,000,000 acres.

To back up their suit, the conservationists point out that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare lists the chemical as a cause of cancer in mice. The National Marine Fisheries Service has demonstrated that in laboratory sea water, trace amounts of Mirex kill young shrimps and crabs. The conservationists also contend that the chemical will be discharged from aircraft on all surfaces that might be inhabited by fire ants, including streams, parks and playgrounds. As an alternative to airborne treatment they suggest that the fire ant be curbed by spreading Mirex directly on the insect mounds.

The Justice Department has now issued a reply attacking the conservationists' suit on strictly legal grounds. According to Justice, the plaintiffs have no legal right to bring suit against the Department of Agriculture, because it enjoys "sovereign immunity." They also claim that the suit is premature, since the program has not yet been finally approved or funded. Furthermore, for a variety of technical reasons, it is impossible for the plaintiffs to claim that they represent "all citizens . . ." Therefore, Justice argues, the entire suit should be dismissed.

In another legal offensive, the Environmental Defense Fund last week sought a federal court injunction against the Montrose Chemical Corp., the world's largest manufacturer of DDT, and the county sanitation districts of Los Angeles. According to E.D.F., the defendants are illegally dumping vast quantities of DDT byproducts and waste

into the Los Angeles sewage system which then flow into the estuaries and coastal waters of Santa Monica Bay.

E.D.F. suggests that such discharges may be the chief source of DDT in Southern California waterways, and adds that the pesticide, which may endanger humans, has already caused the near extinction of the brown pelican.

## Clean-Air Pilot

Soon after a jetliner takes off, the pilot jettisons about three gallons of kerosene. This is excess fuel left in "holding tanks" from the engines' last run. Airline officials insist that the kerosene vaporizes in the atmosphere and does not return to earth. But Eastern Airlines Captain William L. Guthrie, 58, disagrees—and has lost his job as a result.

A \$37,000-a-year pilot with 30 years of flying experience, Guthrie says that the dumped fuel either falls on the runway, where it can become a "greasy and slippery" hazard for other aircraft, or else it contributes to airport smog that is "often so thick you can't see the earth horizon." One of Guthrie's friends crashed in such murk in 1962.

In a solo crusade for a cleaner blue wonder, Guthrie routinely ordered mechanics to drain his holding tanks by hand before takeoffs. He says the process should take from three to five minutes. But Eastern told the mechanics not to obey him—"Each of our 3,700 pilots cannot make his own rules," said a company official—and flights were delayed by as much as 98 minutes until the captain got his way. The conflict of wills was resolved two weeks ago when the airline fired the veteran pilot.

Last week Guthrie's 3,700 fellow Eastern pilots intimated that they, too, will drain holding tanks on the ground unless Guthrie gets his wings back. Meanwhile, Eastern announced that it had asked manufacturers to try to design a quieter, almost pollution-free engine in which excess fuel would seep back into the regular fuel tanks.

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Avis is putting a litter bag in every new Plymouth and other fine car we rent.

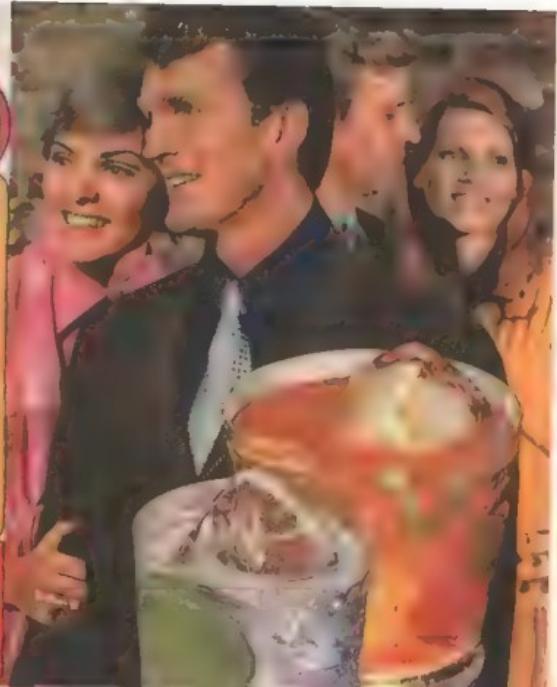
We started doing that years ago.

But what good are litter bags if people don't use them?  
Won't you please try harder, too?

15 GREAT  
DRINK  
RECIPES

# HAPPY HOUR

BARGUIDE



• FIT THESE ADVERTISING PAGES OUT BY REMOVING STAPLES

## how to have a HAPPY HOUR party

You furnish  
the liquor and friends;  
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### ONE HAPPY HOUR FLAG

Large (12" x 18") flag of gay blue and red on white cloth. Fly it outside the house or at the bar — to greet guests. (Pole and cord not included.)

### 24 HAPPY HOUR INVITATIONS

Tells friends "You are invited" — the Happy Hour flag will be flying at (you write in time, place). Flag decor. Personal note size, envelopes included.

### 80 HAPPY HOUR NAPKINS

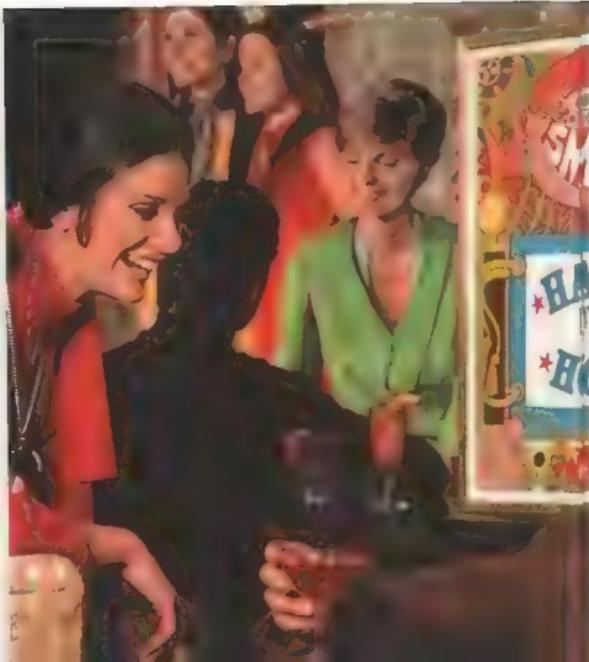
Quality cocktail napkins with Happy Hour flag. They give each drink a decorative nose and add to Happy Hour party atmosphere, as guests mingle.

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Canada, Georgia, Mississippi, New Hampshire, Tennessee  
and other states where prohibited.





Want this terrific mod poster plus four others shown in this guide? See offer at back!

## The secrets of throwing a really great happy hour party:

The Happy Hour...great way to host a houseful of guests with minimum time, work and money. This guide's full of ideas, even shows where to get Happy Hour party invitations, napkins, mod poster decorations. Most important, it shows how to mix superb drinks made with *all* the basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, rum, vodka, Southern Comfort...plus mixing tips.

How to improve drinks...secret of the "pros": You can improve many mixed drinks simply by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe to one with a more

### What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes good, right out of the bottle! And there's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients to

satisfying taste. A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort instead of an ordinary liquor as a smoother, tastier base for Manhattans, Sours, Old-Fashioneds, Collissons, etc. The big difference, of course, is in the unique taste of Southern Comfort itself. It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor can. Mix one of these drinks the usual way; then mix the same drink with Southern Comfort. (Both recipes are in this guide.) Compare them. The improvement is remarkable! But, to understand why this is true...make the simple taste test on the following page.



create this unusually smooth, special kind of basic liquor. That's how Southern Comfort was born. Its formula is still a family secret its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor! First try it on-the-rocks...then you'll understand why it improves most mixed drinks, too!



#### Learn how to improve most drinks --

Make this simple test: The flavor of any mixed drink is controlled by the taste of the liquor you use as a base. To realize the importance of this, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip it . . . and you've found a completely different basic liquor . . . one that *tastes good with nothing added!* That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most mixed drinks taste much better



#### weekend brunch happy hour: nothing makes it like this Sour

Good food, good friends & lots of Comfort® Sours make a brunch the happiest of all Happy Hours!

#### the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort  
1/2 jigger fresh lemon juice  
1/2 teaspoon sugar

Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Now use recipe at right. See how a simple switch in liquor greatly improves this drink.





#### **SCREWDIVER**

1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) vodka + orange juice  
Put ice cubes into a 8-oz. glass. Add vodka. Fill with orange juice and stir.  
Give your Screwdriver a new twist like it  
with Southern Comfort instead of vodka.



#### **SCARLETT O'HARA**

As mixed at Antoine's, New Orleans  
1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
Juice of ½ fresh lime  
1 jigger Ocean Spray  
cranberry juice cocktail  
Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass.  
It's as enticing as the French Quarter!



#### **BLOODY MARY**

2 jiggers tomato juice  
½ jigger fresh lemon juice  
Dash of Worcestershire sauce  
1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) vodka  
Salt and pepper to taste. Shake with  
cracked ice, strain into 8-oz. glass.



#### *And the perfect brunch dessert*

#### **ST. LOUIS COCKTAIL**

½ peach or apricot  
Chilled Southern Comfort  
Put fruit in champagne or sherbet  
glass and add cracked ice. Fill with  
Southern Comfort. Serve with small  
spoon and a cocktail straw.





**the "after-5" happy hour  
makes a long day's work  
worth working long for!**

Take an earned time out...join the late-day  
shift at your favorite bar. Then lift a toast  
in recognition to this after-work tradition  
that's what the Happy Hour's for!

**COMFORT\*  
ON-THE-ROCKS**

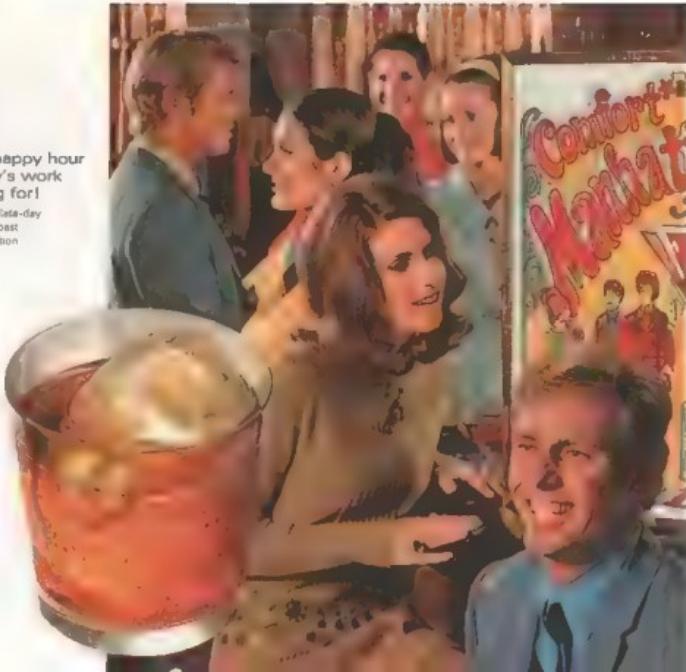
*Simple 'n smooth as served at  
the Red Lion, Vail, Colorado*

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.)  
Southern Comfort

Pour over cracked ice in a short  
glass; add a twist of lemon peel.  
Southern Comfort is one of the  
most popular on-the-rocks drinks,  
because it's smoother and more  
delicious than ordinary liquors.

**Mint . . . ice is important!**

To enhance on-the-rocks drinks, mint, hyssop,  
boxwood, catmint, mint leaves, mint ice cubes,  
few if any bubbles, chemicals, mint leaves.  
That's why it's business, crystal clear, stone  
melted, makes drinks taste-and look-better.



Get the complete set of five meal pads! posters  
for only one dollar! See offer in back.



#### MARGARITA

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) tequila  
1/2 oz. Triple Sec  
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice  
Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit juice; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice; strain into glass. Sip over salted rim



#### COLD TODDY

1/2 tspn sugar • 1 oz water  
2 oz. Scotch or Bourbon  
Stir sugar with water in short glass.  
Add ice cubes and pour in liquor.  
Serve with a twist of lemon peel.

For a toddy with full body, switch to Southern Comfort.

#### ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger Bourbon or rye • ½ oz. sweet vermouth  
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)  
Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass.  
Now use recipe below. See how a  
switch in basic liquor improves this drink?

#### Improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort  
½ oz. dry vermouth  
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Mix it like the ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it  
far more. Southern Comfort gives your drink  
a superb flavor no other liquor can match.  
*Comfort® Manhattan, as mixed at the Mayflower's  
Town and Country Room, Washington, D.C.*

\*Southern Comfort®

#### DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka  
1 part dry vermouth  
Stir with cracked ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serve with a green olive or twist of lemon peel.  
For a Gibson, add 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth, serve with a pimiento spear



#### ROB ROY

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Scotch  
½ jigger (¾ oz.) sweet vermouth  
Dash Angostura bitters  
Stir with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass; add twist of lemon peel  
(Often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")



#### GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka  
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice  
Stir with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (This drink is a distant cousin to the Martini.)



#### COMFORT'N BOURBON

Playing it cool at Ambassador Hotel's  
New Grove, in Los Angeles  
½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort  
4 jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water  
Pour liquors over cracked ice in short glass; add water. Stir. Serve with a twist of lemon peel. Enjoy a deliciously smooth combination.





The fun pop posters shown in this guide  
make the perfect decoration for your  
Happy Hour party. See offer in back!

### at-home happy hour: almost effortless way to entertain as you play

Just gather a group. You don't need a reason.  
For Happy Hour time is always in season.  
Snacks can be simple. But drinks, short or tall,  
must be expertly made, use this guide - have a ball!

#### **GIN RICKEY**

1 slice, rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  lime • 4 sparkling water  
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz.  
glass. Add rind and gin. Fill with  
sparkling water and stir.

To really "swish" a rickey use S. C. instead of gin.



#### **DAIQUIRI**

Juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lime or  $\frac{1}{4}$  lemon • 1 tbsn sugar  
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

Shake with cracked ice until the shaker  
frosts. Strain into a chilled cocktail glass.

To give you Cuban flavor, use Southern  
Comfort instead of rum, only  $\frac{1}{2}$  tbsn sugar.



#### **HOT BUTTERED COMFORT\***

Small slice cinnamon • slice lemon peel

1 jigger Southern Comfort • pat butter

Put cinnamon, lemon peel, S. C. in mug; fill  
with boiling water. Float butter atop. (Leave  
spoon in glass when pouring hot water.)





### MINT JULEP

4 sprigs fresh mint • 1 tbsp sugar  
Dash of water • 2 oz. Bourbon  
Put water in tall glass; crush mint and sugar in water. Pack cracked ice to top of glass. Pour in whiskey and stir until the glass frosts. Mute your next Happy Hour happy. via you sites with Southern Comfort, no sites.



### GIN 'N TONIC

Juice and rind ½ lime  
1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) gin  
Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)  
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass and add gin.  
Fill with tonic and stir.  
Switch to a smoother, bitters-tasting drink. Skip the gin and swap Southern Comfort's talents for tonic.



### LEMON COOLER

Happy Hour happening at the El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs  
1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
Schweppes Bitter Lemon  
Pour S. C. over ice cubes in tall glass.  
Fill with Bitter Lemon, stir.



### ordinary TOM COLLINS

Smoothie Collins that's big at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach  
COMFORT\* COLLINS  
1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
Juice of ½ lime + 7UP  
Use tall glass. Dissolve sugar in juice. Add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir  
\*note: Jim Beam or Heublein are rated at 90.



### Smoother Collins that's big at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach

### COMFORT\* COLLINS

1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
Juice of ½ lime + 7UP

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes, fill with 7UP. This is the best tasting — and easiest to mix — Collins of all!

### COMFORT\*, BABY!

1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
2 jiggers cold milk • 1 tbsp sugar  
Dissolve sugar in milk in 8-oz glass. Pour in Southern Comfort; add ice cubes and stir. (Optional: Dust lightly with nutmeg.)



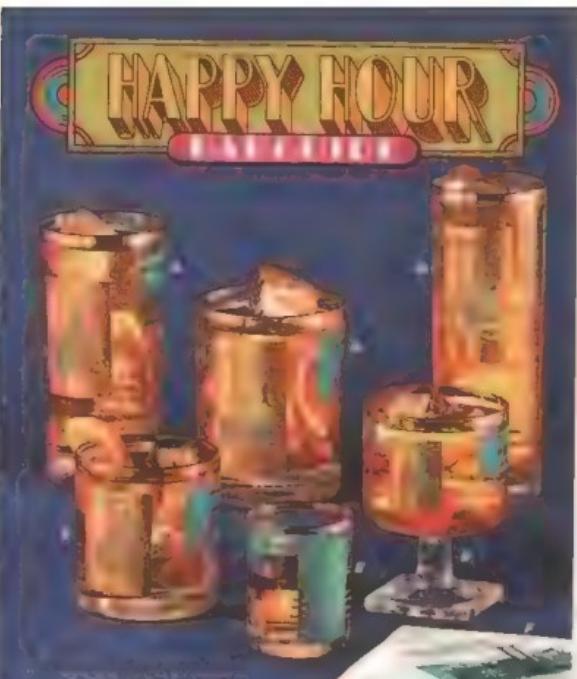
### RUM 'N' COLA

Juice and rind ½ lime  
1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) light rum + cola  
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind and pour in rum. Fill with cola and stir.  
Instead of rum, see what a Southern S. C. is in taste.



### HONOLULU COOLER

"In" drink with the surf set at Sheraton's Royal Hawaiian Hotel  
1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
Juice of ½ lime  
Hawaiian pineapple juice  
Pack a tall glass with crushed ice. Add lime juice and Southern Comfort. Fill with pineapple juice and stir.



### Special Offer!

Save on this NEW line of Southern Comfort  
**Steamboat Glasses**

New straight-side shape with broad gold  
lip, just like the latest expensive glasses.  
Handsome blue and gold decor

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Generous size for highballs, other tall favorites  
Set of 8 glasses (12-oz. size) \$3.95

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Set of 8 glasses (7½ oz. size) \$3.95

**E. MASTER MEASURE GLASS**

Versatile glass enables you to pour all the  
correct measures. Marked for ½ oz., ¼ oz.  
(½ jigger), 1 oz., 1½ oz. (jigger), 2 oz. sold alone 50¢

**F. "STEAMBOAT" NAPKINS**

Color-mated to glasses, say "Smooth Sailing."  
Five packages of 40 each \$1.00

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## SCIENCE

### Sowing a Green Revolution

Shortly after he took charge of the Rockefeller Foundation's wheat-improvement program in Mexico 26 years ago, a young American plant pathologist named Norman E. Borlaug began a momentous series of cross-breeding experiments. With the germ plasm of plants from four different countries, he succeeded in developing a remarkable new kind of wheat that was able to flourish in all of Mexico's widely varied growing conditions. His work quickly put Mexico on the road to self-sufficiency in wheat production. But it had an even more important result: it sowed the seeds of the Green Revolution—a quantum jump in agricultural progress.

Last week, as the man most responsible for that jump, the one-time Iowa farm boy was awarded the 1970 Nobel Peace Prize. Characteristically, Borlaug was in the wheatfields near Atizapan, Mexico, when he heard the news about the \$78,000 prize. "Somebody has made a mistake," he insisted. When he was finally convinced, he delayed meeting reporters until he had completed his day's work: carefully checking his latest plantings, including a new type of "triple dwarf" wheat.

**Visit to India.** The experimental plants were, in fact, descendants of the original strains that Borlaug had bred for his crusade against famine. Undisturbed by any scientific breeding techniques, wheat in tropical countries had evolved over the centuries into tall, thin-stemmed strains able to survive flooding and compete successfully with weeds for sunlight. But they are highly vulnerable to modern fertilizers, which cause them to become top-heavy with grain and topple over. To overcome that problem, Borlaug collected samples of Japanese dwarf strain that had already been improved by a

U.S. Agriculture Department scientist named Orville Vogel and crossed it with native Mexican wheat and other strains with desirable qualities. By growing them in both the hot, parched fields of northern Mexico and the higher, cooler regions near Mexico City, Borlaug eventually succeeded in producing a totally new strain. It was one that was hardy, resistant to toppling, and also well suited to Mexico's diverse climates and soils.

In 1963, while on a trip to India, he decided that the new "miracle" wheat could be planted there as well. As a result, India is now on the verge of producing enough wheat to meet its own needs. Neighboring West Pakistan, also a recipient of the miracle wheat, has already achieved that goal. Indeed, the Rockefeller and Ford foundations were so elated by Borlaug's work that they joined forces in establishing a similar international program for rice improvement headquartered in the Philippines.

Tanned and rugged-looking, the 56-year-old grandfather still travels the globe, constantly preaching the cause of the Green Revolution (and also of birth control). Despite his evangelical zeal, however, he seems happiest at home in Mexico. After one recent trip, during which he visited a dozen countries in almost as many days, he arrived back at his farm late at night and looked at the cloudless sky. "It's a wonderful moonlit night," he told his haggard companions. Then, after seeing them off to bed, he stayed up until dawn, inspecting his fields.

### Life in the Clouds

Terrestrial life exists in many unexpected places. One variety of plant survives in hot sulfuric acid; others flourish at 9°F. below zero. One species of algae grows only among the hairs of the three-toed sloth; another rides the backs of turtles. Now it appears that even clouds floating through the earth's atmosphere provide a precarious home for tiny organisms. Microbiologist Bruce Parker of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, writing in *Natural History*, argues that tiny animals and plants are feeding, growing and even reproducing high in the sky.

Parker came upon his evidence quite by accident. To aid in a study of water pollution in St. Louis two years ago, he invented a device that could measure pollutants and nutrients in water. He set the instrument in his goldfish pond and found that after a rainfall, particularly after a thunderstorm, the amount of free nutrients (vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, for example) in the water suddenly increased. Because such substances are normally associated with living organisms, Parker could not imagine why they should be present in rainwater—"unless there is something going on up there."

To check whether life processes were indeed occurring above the earth, he



PARKER WITH AERIAL SAMPLES

Something strange in the goldfish pond.

used a chemical called TTC, which changes rapidly from pale yellow to pink when attacked by the enzymes produced in active, living cells. If spores and other dormant forms of life were the only inhabitants of clouds, as most scientists have assumed, they would not become active and respond to the test for at least an hour. But when Parker collected airborne and presumably dormant samples of bacteria, algae and fungi and doused them with TTC, the chemical began turning pink in only 15 to 20 minutes—the time it usually takes active cells to react. As a double check, he placed some of the samples in containers of radioactively labeled carbon dioxide. When exposed to light, the algal cells immediately began taking up carbon dioxide, proof that photosynthesis was under way and that the plants were not dormant.

**Thriving on Smog.** How could minute plants live in a cloud? Many of them, Parker decided, are large enough to act as nuclei for slowly condensing droplets of water—an essential ingredient for all earthly life. The tiny organisms also have an amazingly varied diet available even in unpolluted clouds: oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, ammonium, nitrogen oxides, sulfur dioxide, carbon monoxide, methane, butane and acetone. Such necessary minerals as potassium, phosphorus, calcium, iron and magnesium could be transported to the clouds in airborne soil and dust particles.

If life in the clouds is as widespread as Parker suspects, biologists will have whole new ecological possibilities to explore. Clouds may well spread disease, for example, by harboring harmful viruses or bacteria. On the other hand organisms that thrive on the ingredients of smog and smoke could help in the fight against air pollution. Introduced into clouds, they would feed on the undesirable gases and particles, thus converting pollution into harmless cloud creatures.



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## MODERN LIVING

### Le Drugstore

Borrowing the concept of the classic American drugstore the French have magnified it into a near-erotic experience. Over the past dozen years, several versions of Le Drugstore have appeared in Paris: multimedia bazaars featuring bizarre decor, intimate bars, lavish food and smart boutiques. The phenomenon bore only a dreamlike resemblance to the drug supermarkets of, say, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Now, by way of cultural re-export, not to say retaliation, the metamorphosed drugstore has returned to the U.S.

In Manhattan last week more than a thousand guests thronged to opening night at Le Drugstore, gaping at its chic decorations, examining the wares in its boutiques and sampling the wines and food in its three restaurants. They gulped champagne by the jugs at the most popular attraction: a mahogany and ostrich-leather bar. "That bar is soft and sensuous," explained soft and sensuous Caroline Solovet, 27, the wealthy beauty who is Le Drugstore's president. "It's just like everything else here. It sums up our total look."

Within Le Drugstore's maze of corridors and 14 shops, customers can purchase an infinite variety of far-out clothing—from wild lingerie to see-through shirts to sexy pants and fancy wigs. There are cigarettes from India

and Japan and France, newspapers and magazines from Paris. Parisian cosmetics, chic boots, bags and belts. A delicatessen offers the usual fare—along with bouillabaisse, *ris de veau* and lobster *en croûte*. The bookshop stocks current bestsellers, as well as a discreet selection of high-class pornography and perceptive sampling of the overseas and underground press.

**Talk Show.** In addition to the delicatessen, the three restaurants—a small mirror-lined hall with booths for two-somes, a large jungle-motif dining area with waiters and waitresses in safari suits, and a plushly retreat opposite the bar—offer a wide-ranging mixture of French and American food. There are hamburgers and hot dogs—and *quiche Lorraine* and *beefsteak tartare* as well. Moët et Chandon champagne and Coca-Cola are both on the menu. Empty seats are *interdits*. "We want Le Drugstore to be a meeting place," Caroline Solovet says, "and if there's space at a table, we'll shoehorn another couple—or a single—in. It's terribly easy to strike up a conversation." Caroline, who partially financed the venture with family funds, is an integral part of Le Drugstore's scene, providing still another attraction for customers.

The total ambience apparently stimulates the instinct to buy. George Stuart, who, with designer wife Lyn, operates the women's boutique, claims



MINIBIKE KIDS RACING  
Wheelies, jumps

"We've had to restock the shop four times a day every day so far." Other retailers are doing almost as well. For some customers, however, Manhattan's newest *divertissement* will never quite replace Rexalls or Walgreens. Because of a New York State law that prevents their sale in an establishment that serves alcohol no drugs are available in Le Drugstore.

### Hell's Cherubim

Shawn Moran, arms scratched and face caked with dust, wheeled his bike into the pits and cut his engine. He had taken a second and two thirds in races last week at Indian Dunes Park in Valencia, Calif. It had been one of his better days. "Yeah, I did O.K.," he admitted, removing his helmet painted with four leaf clovers and the motto: "Get it on Shawn." But he was tired and not very talkative. Perhaps it was because he is only eight years old.

Shawn is a minibiker, one of the thousands of American kids who in the past two years have embraced half size (or even smaller) motorcycles—the replacement for the tricycle in the age of openness. Recession or no, minibikes seem to be all over, but nowhere are they more visible than in Los Angeles. There, hundreds of youngsters race every week under auspices of the three local minibike associations; there are flat-track races, others with jumps built in and even something called "moto-cross" (cross-country scramble). From a distance, the riders are perfect replicas of grownup cyclists. They wear leather pants and jackets, helmets, kidney belts and boots, just like the Hell's Angels. Their shirts advertise the various bike makes, including Honda, Yamaha and Suzuki.

**Beefed-Up Lawnmowers.** Only up close do spectators realize that every thing is miniaturized. The bikes themselves, ranging from 2 h.p. to 6 h.p., can race as fast as 45 m.p.h. and sell for from \$125 to \$350. Although Japanese models dominate the market, there are plenty of domestic brands as well.



CAROLINE SOLOVET CENTER IN GIFT BOUTIQUE



INSPECTING A JEWELRY COUNTER

ON THE TERRACE





IN CALIFORNIA A  
and fatalities

—about 50 manufacturers in all. Since 1967, when the craze began, more than 2,000,000 minibikes have been sold. "It's like the Hula-Hoop craze," says Alfred Schiff, a cycle dealer in Vienna, Va., "and they're nothing more than beefed-up lawnmowers on wheels."

Schiff has a point. The minibikes have no fenders, lights or horns and thus do not qualify for motor-vehicle registration. It is illegal to ride them on public streets in most communities. "You don't have any protection," says New York City Patrolman Peter Kani. "These bikes can't pass any kind of inspection in this state. Most kids don't even wear helmets when they drive them. That's why when they are injured—and many are—it's usually serious." Kani speaks from tragic experience. His 14-year-old son, Michael, was fatally injured last June in a minibike accident.

**Regulated Tracks.** Despite the dangers, the tiny cycles hold an undeniable fascination for youngsters. Outlawing the street use of minibikes has made little difference; it is legal to drive them in backyards and driveways, and few kids can withstand the temptation to keep on going into the streets.

One answer is to build private, regulated tracks. In Mount Vernon, N.Y., 115 members of the local minibike club ride legally for two hours every Sunday on the city's own track. Each rider must be accompanied by a parent or guardian, must have his bike inspected and must wear a helmet and goggles.

No one knows where it will all end. In Southern California, four-year-old Derek Bland gives expert demonstrations on his 50-cc Honda. Wearing his silver crash helmet and silver boots, he takes off down his driveway at 12 m.p.h., leans, sticks out a foot expertly to whip his bike around and roars back to his starting point. "I'm too good at this," he says. "You should see me go over a jump I can do wheelies too." Derek started out on a mini-minibike called the Indian but quickly became bored. For one thing it could not go fast enough. For another, it had training wheels.

## Joyless, Mindless Schools

"It is not possible to spend any prolonged period visiting public school classrooms without being appalled by the mutilation visible everywhere—mutilation of spontaneity, of joy in learning, of sense of self. Because adults take the schools so much for granted, they fail to appreciate what grim, joyless places most American schools are—what contempt they unconsciously display for children."

Such a jeremiad is not the conclusion of a radical school reformer but of a concerned *Fortune* editor who visited more than 100 schools during a 3½-year, \$300,000 study sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation. Charles Silberman, 45, is the author of a perceptive summary of race relations, *Crisis in Black and White*. His new book, *Crisis in the Classroom* (Random House, \$10), is likely to be as widely discussed as James B. Conant's 1959 report, *The American High School Today*. Silberman finds that even highly reputed schools are so preoccupied with order and discipline that they neglect real education.

**No Questions.** In a \$3,000,000 suburban "school of the future," reports Silberman, promotional brochures describe the central-core library as the school's "nerve center." Yet during the school's first year of operation, children were allowed to go there only once a week, and then not to read but to practice taking books from the shelves and returning them. The second year they were not permitted to go at all because the part-time librarian had returned to teaching spelling. Prejudice compounds primeness, says Silberman. In one fifth-grade classroom, a black youngster raised his hand to ask a question. The principal, visiting for the day, snapped, "Put your dirty hand down and stop bothering the teacher with questions."

Equally depressing, writes Silberman, most of the reforms suggested by academics touting new courses and computers have left "the schools themselves largely unchanged"—chiefly because their proponents fall into the same trap that hobbles school staffs. "It simply never occurs to more than a handful to ask why they are doing what they are doing . . . What is mostly wrong with the public schools is mindlessness—a failure to think seriously about purposes or consequences."

**Baking Cakes.** Silberman's ideal of what schools should be doing is hard to fault: he is convinced that they can help "create and maintain a humane society" by making their first priority the production of "sensitive autonomous thinking human individuals." In a glowing chapter, he reports that his ideal is already close to reality in about half the primary schools in England where orthodoxy is giving way to highly informal "open" classrooms. At first

glimpse, they look like chaotic kindergartens, children move around talking, rows of desks are replaced by "workshop areas" arranged throughout the room and in nearby corridors.

The whole idea is to free children to follow their curiosity through a rich variety of gamelike experiments. Math is encouraged, for example, with a real stove in which young children can bake cakes, carefully measuring the ingredients while a teacher explains concepts like ounces and pounds. Reading and writing occur almost painlessly as the children follow instruction cards for sci-



SILBERMAN VISITING CLASS IN MANHATTAN  
To create a humane society

ence experiments, and then record the results in their notebooks.

"How do the children get any work accomplished if they do nothing but play all day?" one U.S. principal asked. Silberman points out that well beyond first grade "play is a child's work"—an insight that draws, as does the entire informal approach, on the experience of Italian Educator Maria Montessori and the research of Swiss Psychologist Jean Piaget. Though academic structure is outwardly minimal in such informal schooling, says Silberman, it becomes apparent to children as they explore the books and materials that knowing adults select for them. Moreover, teachers freed from lockstep group discipline can observe individual children more carefully, prouding them to move beyond easy materials and stick with difficult ones.

To date, Britain's informally educated children have scored as well on most standard tests as those in traditional classrooms. Best of all, says Silberman,

# Hungover?



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eager kids begin to show up for school early—and instead of running wild, they avoid many of the discipline problems that can drain up to 75% of a teacher's time. One of Silberman's most interesting discoveries is that techniques similar to the British approach have been spreading quietly in U.S. public schools. In the past three years, varieties of it have worked well in at least 28 school districts in North Dakota, the first six grades in Tucson, Ariz., "learning centers" in nine Philadelphia schools, and nearly 40 poverty-area classrooms in New York City.

To anyone over 40, informal education strongly resembles John Dewey's ideas—the "progressive" education that excited Americans in the 1920s and angered them in the 1950s. The trouble with progressivism, Silberman admits, was that too often it degenerated into shoddiness, partly because few teachers were properly trained to carry it out. For that reason, Silberman joins a host of previous school critics in urging a drastic upgrading in the training of U.S. teachers.

Beyond all that, Silberman's admirable ideas for reform collide with current national frustration at the increasing cost of schools and the decreasing discipline in classrooms. According to a recent Gallup poll, most U.S. adults think that their community's schools are not strict enough—and that curriculums need no substantial change. Nonetheless, Silberman's vivid examples of educational failings and his catalogue of existing alternatives will help produce pockets of progress and serve as a powerful agenda for those who still believe that the rest of the nation's schools can and must improve.

## Challenging Rafferty

Mux Rafferty is to California education what Spiro Agnew is to national politics—a spellbinder of alt-right conservatism. Eight years ago, Rafferty swept the nonpartisan race for state Superintendent of Public Instruction by denouncing "permissive, pragmatic progressivism." He lost a loud bid for the Senate two years ago, but has since delighted his admirers by advocating mass searches for drugs in student lockers, by presenting guidelines for "moral instruction" that criticized pacifism, and by urging science teachers to give "equal time" to the Adam and Eve account of creation.

Now Rafferty is running for a third term. He is slaying all vulture dragons, from teacher strikes to compulsory busing for integration ("impossible to implement"). Given the conservative tide in California, he should be a shoo-in.

Cool Professional. His opponent is relatively unknown, soft spoken and black. Wilson Riles, 53, is also a cool professional who is willing to explain unglamorous specifics of education. Since August, he has gained five percentage points in the California Poll while Rafferty



RILES WITH STUDENTS  
Muddled by innuendo.

ferry has lost four, bringing Riles to within striking distance of a win. His supporters include not only liberals but also conservatives like S.I. Hayakawa president of San Francisco State College.

Riles has been a state education official for twelve years, four of them as Rafferty's assistant superintendent. Federal officials regard his program of dispensing funds to disadvantaged youngsters as one of the best in the country. Presidents Johnson and Nixon appointed him chairman of two task forces on urban education.

Below Norms. While Rafferty has stressed emotional issues like drugs and busing, Riles concentrates on education. He notes that a recent evaluation showed that statewide gains in reading have still left 65% of the first-, second- and third-graders below national norms. His proposed remedy: make a preschool program available to every California child. He also feels that teaching reading mainly through old-fashioned phonics, which Rafferty favors, is oversimplistic, and that many students can benefit from other methods.

The campaign has been muddled by innuendo. Riles accuses Rafferty of inflaming white fears in communities under court orders to integrate their schools. Right-wing literature, which Rafferty repudiates, has sought to link Riles with Communists, chiefly because of his work with the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation during the 1950s.

Riles' headway may reflect a growing sophistication about educational controversies. Says Riles, "People are tired of being polarized on emotional issues and tired of waiting for someone to help them provide good education for their children." The odds still favor Rafferty, but few expected that Riles would come as close as he has.

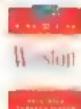


1.  
Winston tastes good  
like a cigarette should.

You mean  
as a cigarette  
should.

3.  
What do you want,  
good grammar  
or good taste?

4.  
I want  
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## THE PRESS

### Buckley, Berkeley and Back

John Leonard is one of the two or three best literary critics in America, a fact that has been plain to New York *Times* readers since May 1969, when he became one of its book reviewers. To virtually any book, Leonard can apply intellect and language without sacrificing either. Last month, at 31, he was named the new editor of the New York *Times* Book Review, the paper's Sunday supplement that is the most widely distributed (1,400,000 copies) literary journal in the country.

"I'm nervous," says Leonard. "It will absorb as much energy as I have." He has plenty. Thin, dark blond, wearing horn-rims and rumpled clothes, he walks with a schoolmaster stoop, chain-smokes and has a disarmingly direct way of tackling almost anything. Four years ago, he tutored pupils in an antipoverty program in Roxbury, Mass., in the same year, he worked with migrant labor gangs in a New England apple orchard.

**Leftist Rightist.** Child of a broken marriage (he describes his father as "a gentle Irish drunk"), Leonard was raised in Southern California by his mother. He squeezed into Harvard in 1956 mainly because of a geographical quota system, and after spending two dull years doing little but writing captions for the *Crimson*, he flunked out. He wandered to Greenwich Village and picked up two reputations: one for being leftist, the other for being rightist.

Thinking right, Leonard wrote an anti-Greenwich Village article for a now defunct college-audience magazine called

Ivy. William F Buckley Jr., who had a piece in the same issue, detected conservative views in Leonard's writing. Buckley phoned, and hired him as an editorial apprentice on *National Review* magazine. Leonard did layout, makeup a few book reviews. After Buckley sent him to post-revolutionary Cuba, Leonard found his political viewpoint solidifying. "I was always vaguely liberal," he says, "but Buckley taught me to develop my ideas logically. I discovered I was growing more radical, and that made it impossible for me to stay at *National Review*. Buckley helped radicalize me, made me think about politics."

Thinking left, he said goodbye to Buckley, and moved on to the University of California at Berkeley. There he served as director of drama and books for the Pacifica Foundation's FM station KPFA, arranging interviews and producing plays. He got a B.A. in English and published his first novel, *The Naked Martini*, which Harrison Salisbury described in a review for the *Times* as possessing "a certain wry wit, but 255 pages seems a long, long journey with no better company than a young admiral, his bottles and his babes."

In 1963, the Leonards moved to Peterborough, N.H., home of his wife's family.

In '67 Leonard got involved in a Cambridge radical movement called Viet Nam Summer. Working with young left-wing professors, the S.D.S. and assorted revolutionaries, he wrote ads, pamphlets and did public relations. But at the end of the summer he left, disillusioned by the "disaster and disgrace" of the New Politics convention in Chicago. He even considered moving to Spain. Instead, Leonard was hired by the *Times* as one of seven "previewers" who select and recommend books to the *Times* critics. Nineteen months later he was promoted to critic—and found his métier.

**Fun with Gore.** Conversational and complex, witty and precise, to the point and beyond, he probed the heart of matters as disparate as S.J. Perelman's humor in *Baby, It's Cold Inside* and Rollo May's *Love and Will*. On the humorist "The S.J. Perelman story, like the Godard film, is a mode of proof, an assertion of accuracy in the spirit of maximum vehemence." On the effect of Freud on love, via May and Leonard: "So love was made banal, trivialized into proximate spasms, robbed of duration, imagination and even tragic gloss. So, as in all declining cultures, Eros was stripped down into Cupid A.I. motion, no feeling." On Gore Vidal: "He chooses merely to bite his betters on their kneecaps." On the '50s as

recalled in *The Great Dethrone*, a new novel by C.D.B. Bryan: "Remember Korea, our first televised war, in black and white, yet oddly out of focus and oddly inconclusive, as though perhaps the horizontal hold had failed and the images spun by too swiftly to perceive their significance?"

Under Editor Francis Brown, who is retiring, the *Times* Book Review has almost made a credo of the calm academic approach. Can Leonard the editor transfuse the excitement of Leonard the writer to this journal? If so, the transfusion will be gradual. "I'm not going to make it a flashier magazine," he says. "I worry a lot about science, technology and education. But, dammit, I want the best writers, writing at the top of their form."



### Flap Flap

**Beetle Bailey**, the comic strip dealing with the vicissitudes of a reluctant draftee, has never raised much of a chuckle from the Army. The official armed forces newspaper *Stars and Stripes* refused to run it from 1954 to 1959 because it took too flip a view of Army brass. Last month *Beetle* was again banished by the paper's Pacific edition.

The trouble began when Cartoonist Mort Walker decided his 20-year-old strip needed to catch up with the times. A black character was the obvious answer. Says Walker: "I wanted a strong character who is proud of being black but I knew it had to be a funny character to go along with the rest of the strip." Walker named him Lieut. Flap and gave him an Afro hairstyle, a goatee and a brain power that seems a bare millivolt greater than the low-powered intellects around him. His rank requires white subordinates to call him "Sir."

For obvious reasons, Lieut. Flap was immediately mustered out by newspapers in Winston-Salem, N.C., Richmond, and Tampa, Fla. *Stars and Stripes*' reasons were just as obvious, but much more labored. "Flap wasn't even a good caricature, but simply in bad taste," said Managing Editor Howard C. Peterson. "Negro soldiers aren't like that." Added Editor-in-Chief Colonel William V. Koch: "Besides, the Army regulates us wouldn't allow a soldier or officer to grow a goatee. And Flap has one."



EDITOR LEONARD & FAMILY  
Biting higher than the kneecap.

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# MUSIC



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## Roots and Raw Feeling

The juggernaut roll of the Big Beat, the slash of the old blues strain, the euphoria of yeh-yeh-yeh are all fading. With the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* (1967), rock crossed the line into self-consciousness, sophistication and experimentation. The result has been an exciting diversity of sounds produced by eclectic rock musicians. But one problem remains: How can this evolution go on without depleting the primitive power that first gave the music its momentum?

Among the best strategies is the one used by England's Led Zeppelin, which recently dislodged the Beatles as England's most popular rock group (*TIME*, Sept. 28). The Zeppelins' aim is to explore all the styles and techniques in today's rock spectrum without ever losing the heavy core of raw feeling.

A supergroup consisting of ex-Yardbird Jimmy Page and three other young veterans of the British rock scene, Led Zeppelin was launched in 1968 in what Lead Vocalist Robert Plant calls a "smash bang-wallop" fashion. After a week's tour of Scandinavia, the group knocked out its first ragged LP in 15 hours. The group's spontaneity and free floating blues improvisations struck a responsive chord among the young, and the LP became a million-dollar seller in the U.S.

A far cry from that first hectic session, the group's third album, *Led Zeppelin III* (Atlantic), now No. 1 on the *Billboard* charts, was put together during the first six months of this year. The care and leisure show, *Gullwing Pole* shows the clear influence of San Francisco's Creedence Clearwater Revival, and its monosyllabic, root heavy style is powerful. One of the two best tracks is *That's The Way*, whose rich har-

mones are a perfect match for the somewhat surreal lyrics about adolescent alienation. The other is *Since I've Been Loving You*, a superb slow-blues song that has more togetherness than a revival meeting.

**Kind of Stomp.** Led Zeppelin's four members were born to the ashes of World War II, restless or disaffected in school, stirred to life in the 1950s by Elvis Presley and the early rock 'n' rollers. Bass Guitarist John Paul Jones, 24, is the son of a big-band pianist from the swing era. Plant, 22, son of a civil engineer, spent most of his formative years scouring blues-record shops. Drummer John Bonham, 22, son of a carpenter, got his first set of drums at age seven. Page, the eldest at 25, is the son of an industrial personnel manager. "When I first heard rock," he recalls, "and realized that it was not just Guy Mitchell and Pat Boone, but that something was really going on there, then I knew it was for me."

Many groups do not last two years. One reason for Led Zeppelin's survival is that its fans can expect virtually anything from them. "Somewhere along the line, though," says Plant, "we hope there's a kind of stamp that identifies us as us."

## Prison Records

Like an old fighter, Sonny Brown struts across the green grass at Tehachapi, grinning in the morning sun behind bopster shades. A blue knit cap rides his head like a fez. Sonny always wears the cap; it sets him apart from the retinue of convicts who surround him.

Sonny (William) Brown is a jailbird, too, but he is not bound for chow. He is going to the gym to cut an album. Though Sonny has been in prison for

all but 42 months of the past 20 years, he is, at age 42, at the peak of a spectacular musical career. Master of the piano, flute, bass, guitar and sax, he also composes, arranges and conducts. Late he has led his band in three separate dates at Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel. He and his band recently toured the state to rave reviews and tearful standing ovations.

Sonny is black. The kind of music he creates is a blend of jazz and gospel, with a glossy Stan Kenton sound and a chorus singing Sonny's simple lyrics—about peace and freedom, with a little protest thrown in. His career began in Cincinnati, where he wrote his first song before he was eight. Through a draft-board mix-up in 1943, Sonny was tapped for the Marines when he was only 14, got out, then served in the Navy from 1945 to 1948. By the time he was discharged, he had become a good clarinetist and saxophonist, as well as a good lightweight boxer. He settled in south-central L.A., boxed professionally and played in small jazz clubs for two years. He developed a heroin habit, was caught stealing a record player and thrown in jail. From then on, Sonny bounced back and forth between the state pens at Chino, Folsom and San Quentin, with only brief intervals on the street!

On parole, Sonny found life was almost worse than inside: "The board would tell me, 'Stay away from nightclubs.' Now how was I gonna play music if I couldn't go near no nightclubs?" One time they got me a job with a seed company in Lompoc. They had me standin' there with a brush this long, pollinatin' flowers. I was a human bee. If a brother had ever seen me doin' that, he'd cut me dead."

In 1965 Sonny finally got lucky. For the first time, he was sent to one of California's most liberal penitentiaries, the



SONNY BROWN

*Sweet are the wages of syncopation.*



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# If you just want to look good, don't light it.



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if you'd like to taste  
the small, mild  
cigar with all the  
flavor of a large  
cigar, go ahead.



White Owl Miniatures & Demi-Tips.

California Correctional Institution at Tehachapi. The prison's superintendent is G.P. Lloyd, a penologist whose philosophy is "I trust everybody until they show me different." Lloyd got to talking with Sonny about music. In April of 1967 he let Sonny start a prison band and chorus. Sonny called the group the Fallen Sparrows, and Lloyd decided it should be allowed to travel the state and perform.

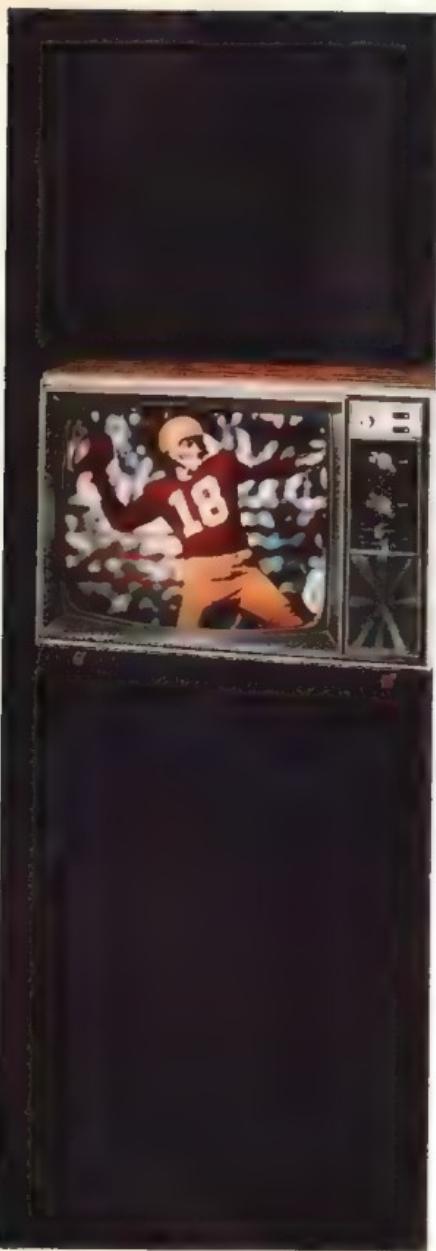
There was no legal provision for such a move, so Lloyd invited his boss, R.K. Prochner, California Director of Corrections, to audition the Sparrows. Prochner liked them so much he started crying. Since then, Sonny and the Sparrows—a chorus of 45 or more and a 15-man band—have made the rounds of the prisons, taped a television show in Bakersfield, played at high schools and colleges, Air Force bases, conventions, even a county fair.

When the group performed at U.C.I.A. last November, moans Lloyd, "they had to walk, 80 of them—men in for charges ranging from drugs up to murder—a quarter-mile across a campus milling with students. We only take seven guards. Any number could have just walked away. But nobody ever has."

**Pheasant Under Glass.** To build musical morale back at Tehachapi, Sonny got permission for the Sparrows to rehearse in patterned bell-bottoms and sports shirts instead of regulation blue denim. Besides, as black Percussion Man Warren Duncan says, "It's a gas to ride the buses, see all the mountains and the jack rabbits and road runners. And the concerts are wild. Young ladies crying at our music, and all those important people standin' up to give us an ovation. And the buffet dinner we had that time at the Ambassador Hotel—professional waiters. Ham Mushroom sauce. Pheasant under glass. We didn't get back till 1 a.m."

Recently RCA sent a sound truck and seven producers and engineers up to Tehachapi and recorded the Fallen Sparrows—playing all Sonny Brown songs, which did not sound at all like the work of a man who has spent his life behind bars: "Troubles come, troubles go, In this life there's rain and snow / Look at us and you'll see / We're still calm and fancy-free."

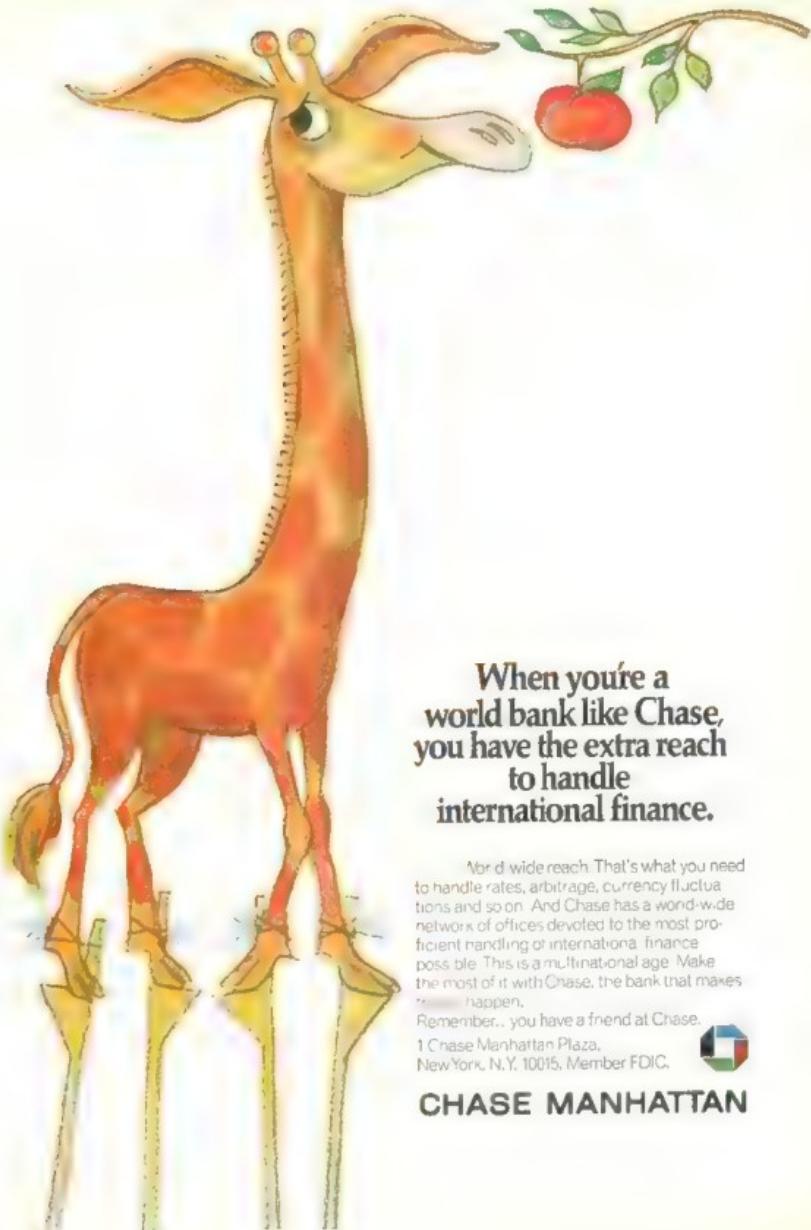
The recording session took half a week and electrified the prison. The prisoners hung out down by the gym, waiting for Sonny to come out during breaks. The guards would bring Sonny coffee, even hold the door for the Sparrows when they went outside to talk to their fans. If there are any profits from the recording it will go not to Sonny or the Sparrows but to prison welfare. The wages of syncopation are nonetheless sweet. Sonny's present jail term (this time for driving under the influence of drugs) could run for life. But he is up for parole next April and will probably get out, perhaps for good. Meanwhile, he has the Sparrows and—who knows—maybe another date with RCA.



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## RELIGION



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### Women at the Altar

*As in all congregations of God's people, women should not address the meeting. They have no license to speak, but should keep their place as the Law directs. If there is something they want to know they can ask their husbands at home. It is a shocking thing that a woman should address the congregation*

—St. Paul, *First Letter to the Corinthians*

In his admonition to the Corinthian women, St. Paul was merely applying Jewish practice to new Christian congregations. But in the 19 centuries since, many Christian churches have followed the Pauline exhortation as if it were divine law. Roman Catholicism, Eastern Orthodoxy, the Anglican Communion and Lutheran churches have until now been especially slow to remove regulations barring women from a full role in the ministry.

U.S. Episcopalians seem at last to be willing to lower some of their own barriers. last week their General Convention approved the ordination of women deacons (see following story). U.S. Lutherans are removing restrictions against women in the ministry even more rapidly. Last June in Minneapolis, the liberal-leaning Lutheran Church in America became the first U.S. Lutheran body to announce that it would ordain women ministers. Late last week the moderate American Lutheran Church, at its own convention in Texas, did likewise. Indeed, the World Council of Churches recently reported that 70 denominations around the world have admitted women to the full ministry of "Word and Sacrament"—allowing them both to preach and preside over communion services.

**Chattel to Partner.** Yet obstacles to full ecclesiastical equality for women still exist throughout a large part of Christendom. Eastern Orthodoxy, retaining its Middle Eastern traditions, is perhaps the slowest to accept women as

equals. Women are completely barred, for instance, from even setting foot on the monastic peninsula of Mount Athos in northern Greece. Women also have a long way to go in Roman Catholicism and Judaism.

Roman Catholicism has helped both to elevate and subordinate women. Despite St. Paul's admonition about female silence, other passages of the Apostle's writings show that he expected women to take a prophetic role now and then. His reminder that "there is neither male nor female . . . in Christ" also helped to raise women from the level of chattel to partner. The early church had a specific office of deaconess. By the Middle Ages, when veneration of the Virgin Mary almost put her on the level of a goddess, religious orders had produced powerful abbesses who held their own in intellectual exchanges with men, as Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* pointedly witness. Indeed, St. Catherine of Siena earned her major fame by talking the Avignon pope into moving the papacy back to Rome. Partially in recognition of this, Pope Paul VI recently named her, along with the 16th century mystic, St. Teresa of Avila, "Doctor of the Church"—a title hitherto bestowed only upon men.

Still, through the ages the Catholic image of woman has remained curiously dualistic. As German Catholic Scholar Hilda Graef has observed, the church's view of woman has tended either to be of her as mankind's temptress—Eve forever proffering the apple—or as a virgin mother figure. "She was placed on an inhuman pedestal," says Graef, "either in heaven or in hell."

Such thinking has effectively buried participation of women at many levels of Roman Catholic life. Just recently, women in the Miami archdiocese were reminded that, even if new Mass directives allowed them to act as readers during the ceremony, the regulations

still forbade women to enter the sanctuary during services (a restriction often skirted in many other dioceses).

Or higher levels, the discrimination is far more noticeable. Though the Vatican employs many women as clerks and typists, it recently refused to accept one—Frau Elizabeth Müller—as a member of the diplomatic mission from Bonn. Rosemary Goldie, the Catholic daughter of an Australian Jew, is the first woman ever to hold a post in the Curia. She was appointed an Undersecretary of the Council on the Laity by Pope Paul in 1967.

The overall lack of female representation has caused religious orders of women, and laywomen, to fight for female equality. The ordination of women as priests is a long way off, if it ever comes, but a revival of the office of deaconess may not be so distant. More immediately, the National Council of Catholic Women is seeking smaller concessions, such as proportional representation of women on diocesan commissions.

**Separate Worship.** Like Catholicism, Judaism has traditionally treated women ambiguously. In the home, the Jewish mother is charged with considerable religious responsibility. She must not only preserve the ritual of celebrations but also see to it that her husband studies *Halkhah*, the body of Jewish religious law. Jewishness itself is determined by whether one is born of a Jewish mother, not of a Jewish father. Ancient Israel boasted seven women prophets, heroines such as Judith and Esther, and a judge, Deborah.

Yet the quorum for a religious service (*minyan*) is ten men, and—except among Reconstructionist Jews, who hold men and women equal—no number of women can make up for one absent man. In Orthodox synagogues, women are seated separately, and in Jerusalem they must worship separately at the Wailing Wall. Though women in Israel have fully equal secular rights and are even subject to compulsory military service, Orthodox control of such social institutions as marriage clearly favors the

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 **Western Electric**



man in the strict interpretation of the law, for instance, only a husband can grant a divorce. The Orthodox male attitude is perhaps best exemplified by his familiar daily prayer. "Blessed be thou, O Lord our God, for not making me a woman."

In the U.S., Reform Jews, the most liberal in observance of the three main Jewish groups, appear to be breaking some millennia-old barriers. In 1955, Mrs. Betty Robbins became the first known Jewish woman cantor. Now 24-year-old Sally Priesand, in her fourth year of study at Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College, is determined to become a rabbi—an innovation that even many Reform leaders oppose.

**Uphill Campaign.** The drive for ordination is not the final female hurdle. Although 47 women have been admitted to the Lutheran ministry in Sweden in the decade since women were first ordained there, not until next month will the first woman become a *kirkoherr*, or head of a parish. Only government pressure, applied by the Minister of Re-



ST CATHERINE



ST TERESA  
*ether in heaven or hell*

ligion, finally overcame male resistance to the appointment. Further government insistence may be the only recourse for 440 Swedish female theological graduates now eligible for ordination; some conservative bishops still adamantly resist ordaining women.

U.S. women may have to wage a similar uphill campaign. Yet religious history favors their cause. The U.S., after all, has a certain tradition of female church leadership, including, among the earliest, Mother Ann Lee, founder of the egalitarian Shaker sect. Mary Baker Eddy continued the tradition by founding the Christian Science movement (in which a majority of the "practitioners" and "readers" are women). Indeed, both the Christian Science churches and the Shakers challenge the traditionally male image of God the "Father," referring to God as both Father and Mother. In so doing, they anticipated the admonition of early 20th century Feminist Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst, who told her followers how to keep up the good fight: "Trust in God." Mrs. Pankhurst advised, "She will provide."

## Episcopalians at the Barricades

For most of its history, the U.S. Episcopal Church seemed willing to let other denominations set the pace in social action. Now the Episcopal Church is a pacesetter—and in turmoil as a result. The division was nowhere more evident than during the past two weeks in Houston, where the laity and clergy of the Episcopal Church met for their triennial General Convention.

Core of the crisis was a special program approved at the 1967 Seattle convention—an openhanded, openminded plan to channel substantial cash to minority groups and projects, with the exception of those that advocate violence. Thus the most controversial grant approved by the church's Executive Council was an award of \$40,000 last year to the *Alianza de los Pueblos Libres*, a militant group of Mexican-Americans in New Mexico. The *Alianza* came to national attention in 1967 when its head, Renes Lopez Tijerina, led a raid on a county courthouse in which a jailer and a state policeman were shot. Recently, the *Alianza* has been seeking to form an independent state based on land grants allegedly guaranteed by the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and the contribution infuriated New Mexican Episcopalians. Bishop C. J. Kunsolving III of Albuquerque led his diocese in an act of retaliation, cutting the annual pledge to the national Episcopal budget from \$80,000 to \$1.

**Pocketbook Rebellion.** Elsewhere, less obviously inflammatory grants have provoked similar reactions. A 1968 grant to the Black Unity League in Louisville ran into resistance after three leaders of the group were charged with conspiracy to blow up oil storage tanks during a riot. Louisville Bishop C. Gresham Marmon asked that the grant be deferred until the three had been tried, but Leon Modeste, the black layman who directs the Special Program, made the grant on schedule. In North Carolina, a \$30,000 grant to the Malcolm X Liberation University created a furor when the local bishop was denied a voice in passing on the grant. Episcopalians in his diocese cut their contributions by one-third.

Even in states and cities where there is no major disagreement about specific grants, the pocketbook rebellion has been sharp. Gaps between diocesan pledges and quotas for 1970 set by the last General Convention were impressive even on a local scale: \$425,000 below quota in New York City, \$29,000 in Los Angeles, \$146,000 in Dallas. In all, the pledges were more than \$3.5 million below the national budget quota of \$14.7 million. Modeste was undisturbed. In his official report last March, he had written that "the Church, the temporal, institutional body of Christ, must be willing to suffer and die."

Delegates in Houston were not quite so ready to give up the spirit, and

many had come ready to tighten up procedures for the Special Program grants. In fact, two of the staunchest supporters of the program had some of the most pointed criticisms. Florida Layman Clifford Morehouse, a past president of the House of Deputies, praised the program, but resolutely opposed any equivocation about violence. "We have been told that acts are not violence but counter-violence, and therefore justifiable," he noted. "Too bad our Lord didn't think of that sophistry when one of his disciples cut off the ear of the soldier who seized him after Judas' betrayal." Layman John Morsell, who is also assistant executive director of the N.A.A.C.P., attacked the idea of "no strings attached" grants. "Only children are dealt with on the theory that they are not accountable for their actions," Morsell declared. "White people who cater to such a notion are guilty of a denial of black manhood than are the George Wallaces."

In the end, the delegates voted to change the Special Program rules. The



LEON MODESTE  
*Controversy over Special Programs.*

Special Program screening committee, which shares Modeste's views, may hereafter award grants without higher approval, but the opposition of a local bishop will now send a grant into the Executive Council, where it will need an absolute majority to override his veto. On the other hand, the language governing the grants actually seems to provide new loopholes. The only groups now apparently banned are those that actually make violence a specific part of their program.

Another question drew less attention, though it, too, caused noticeable change. For the first time, women delegates were officially seated as voting members of the laity in the bicameral convention's House of Deputies. Later, the delegates and the House of Bishops approved the ordaining of women as deacons, giving them the right to preach and distribute Communion though not to perform the actual consecration rite. A move to approve ordination of women priests, however, fared less well. Proposed in the House of Deputies, it was narrowly defeated.



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At Mario's, they seduce you with an Empanadilla (land crab) appetizer so tasty you don't have to pay for it if you don't like it.

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At the luxury hotels of San Juan, Puerto Rico, you can get a lot closer to the stars than your living room TV screen.

At Las Nereidas sidewalk cafe, the coffee is rich and black and Puerto Rican. And the pot's still perking at 4 A.M.

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# THE THEATER

## The Invisible Nation

All countries cherish the good opinion of mankind. Russia is no exception. That is why the recent award of the Nobel Prize to Alexander Solzhenitsyn is as great a public embarrassment as Soviet leaders have felt since the awarding of the prize to Boris Pasternak in 1958. More tellingly than Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn bears witness to human degradation in the Soviet Union of the Stalin era. The world premiere of *A Play by Alexander Solzhenitsyn at Minneapolis*, Tyrone Guthrie Theater reveals the novelist to be a dramatist of ferocious power.

The play is set in a Stalinist "correctional" prison camp in 1945. It is a place Solzhenitsyn calls "the invisible nation," where "99 men weep and one man laughs." Most of the prisoners are "politicals" whose sentences run from ten to 25 years. Their crimes? "Failure to turn informer." Reading a poem unsanctioned by the regime. Writing a letter calling Stalin "the man with the moustache" and commenting ironically on how bad his Russian is—for which "crime" Solzhenitsyn himself spent eight years in Russian prisons. The prisoners' horizon is a gray-black wall. High up on the wall, in two ominous apertures, guards stand with rifles at the ready. Acts I and II each end with an injunction given to the guards: "If anyone makes a move, shoot!" By the end of Act III it is quite clear that there are no moves left to make.

**Mirror Image.** The play is not against Communism but against tyranny, a condition that subsumes all isms. Nonetheless, it is a fierce rebuke to all those shallow-thinking fantasists who believed, early and late, that the Russian Revolution heralded a new dawn for mankind, as epitomized by Lincoln Steffens who said, "I have been over into the future and it works." Solzhenitsyn shows that life in the Soviet Union has been precisely the reverse. It is the mirror image of that abysmal past from which man has been trying to free himself for thousands of years—the enslavement of mind, body and soul.

Thus far into this terrible century no one has to itemize what happens in a prison camp. It all happens in this play. It is horrible, cruel, and heartrending. But beneath it all, there are two buoyancies. One is Solzhenitsyn's indestructible humanity. The other is that this is a game, the grimdest game men can play, survival. A Polish sausage, a woman's body, a bottle of vodka—these are the chips. At this gaming table, to lose is to die.

A few of the players are scourged by suffering and torture, the acid of prison life burnishes them to saintliness, and they become Dostoevsky's "holy fools of God." A few others become the minions of hell and savage their brothers for a bread crumb. But the bulk of men remain the same, irretrievably wedded to their petty vices and their tepid virtues. For them, the prison camp is a change in milieu, not a change in character. Such is the breadth and depth of Solzhenitsyn's vision that he chooses to be the voice of these voiceless and mediocre many. Without ever resorting to formal religious terminology, he says in effect that each of these humdrum souls is precious and equal in the sight of God.



PRISONER IN SOLZHENITSYN PLAY

Voice of the voiceless.

and ought to be so treated. This is the *fauve* that he hurls in the face of tyranny. Furthermore, he shows what the harvest of tyranny is: fear, hate, mendacity, incompetence, dullness, an all-embracing corruption.

**Tropic Chopin.** Despite the extremity of the situation, much that happens is very everyday, which actually enhances the play's humanity. The camp's commandant worries about the production quota; if it goes up, he gets a promotion or worse. The camp's doctor is busy assembling a harem of pseudo nurses. The camp's foundrymen are lured on to melt bronze by the promise of a bonus. They are cheated out of it. A doomed love blooms like a flower held in the outburst hand of a tragic Charlie Chaplin.

Under Michael Langham's forceful and fluid direction, the play moves in cin-

ematic takes. But it is the era of the silent movie, compacted of melodrama and soap opera. How can such things have scope and stature? Why do they work and become deeply moving onstage? One possible answer is that at crucial, tense, catastrophic or ecstatic moments in the lives of men and women, they do behave like characters in melodramas or soap operas.

Russia, finally, is Solzhenitsyn's subject. It is often assumed, in some simple-minded way, that Russia is a nation that fell into the hands of a few evil men drugged with ideology, or that its people had some insatiable appetite for being ruled by ogres. Neither is true. Russia was largely untouched by the twin lights of the Reformation and Renaissance. But just as the blind are known to develop extraordinary capacities in their other senses, so Russia has been similarly graced. Decade after decade, her greatest writers form an apostolic succession of the alerted conscience. They have burned with the flame of truth, justice and probity. No state-ordained trial or torment that may lie ahead for Alexander Solzhenitsyn will beat a lie out of him, for there are no lies in him. He is the conscience of Russia and of man.

\* T.E.Kalem

## Goldiggers of 1773

Broadway's mascot is the golden calf. Few families in history ever fattened up the golden calf to such imposing dimensions as *The Rothschilds*. In this musical, Broadway is really worshiping its fondest dreams.

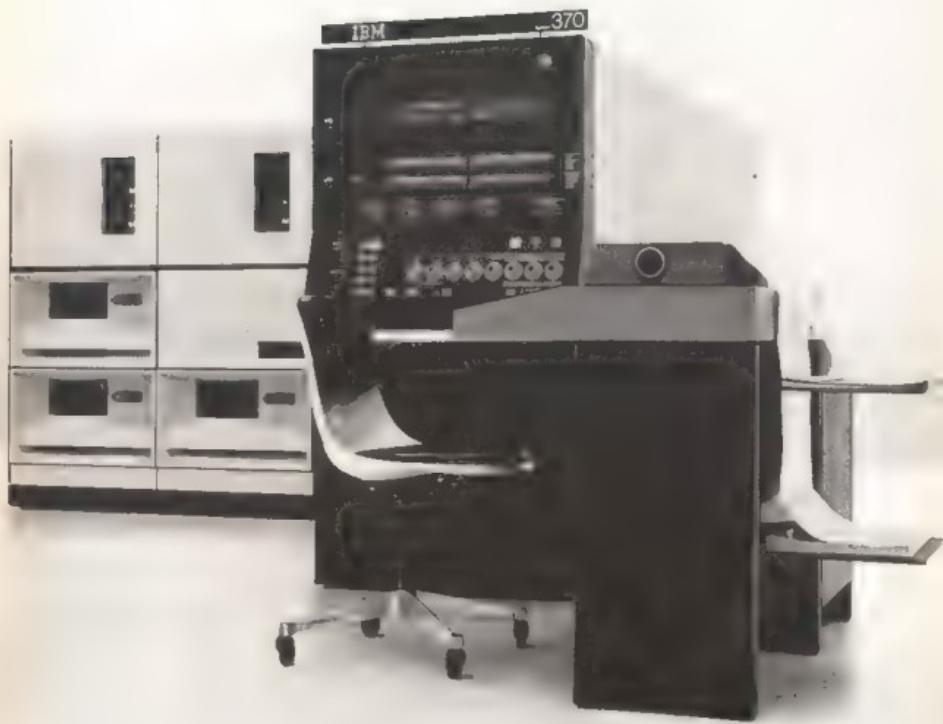
Beyond the invincible rags-to-riches theme, *The Rothschilds* also has ethnic appeal: it is a quest for manhood and release from the oppression that Jews suffered in the ghettos of Europe.

In brisk, broad strokes, the musical describes how Mayer Rothschild (Hal Linden) discovered a path out of the ghetto at the Frankfurt Fair of 1773, where he began trading in rare coins. When his sons came of age, he managed to install them as bankers to Prince William of Hesse (Keene Curtis). At the onset of the Napoleonic Wars, the five sons were dispatched to the fiscal centers of Europe. Eventually they amassed the kind of money that made the House of Rothschild a greater power than any power in Europe.

*The Rothschilds* is not a top-drawer musical. It is not exciting or innovative, but it is a pleasant way to while away an evening. The Sheldon Harnick-Jerry Bock score neatly dovetails into the book, but it lacks any single singing number like "Tradition" from their *Fiddler on the Roof* score. Hal Linden is warmly convincing as a Jewish Joe Kennedy. Except for Nathan Rothschild (Paul Hecht), the brother in London, the sons are not individually distinct. Absent from the stage of the Lunt-Fontanne Theater are two favorite Rothschilds—Mouton and Iafite.

\* T.E.K.

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## MILESTONES

**Married.** Lee Marvin, 46, Hollywood's master of violence (*Point Blank*) and comedy (*Cat Ballou*), and Pamela Feely, 39, an old friend from Woodstock, N.Y., whom he has known for 25 years, he for the second time, she for the fourth, in a civil ceremony in Las Vegas.

**Died.** Belkacem Krim, 47, one of the original Algerian revolutionary leaders who broke with the Bourguignon government; by assassination (garrote) in Frankfurt, Germany.

**Died.** Richard Hofstadter, 54, U.S. political and social historian, the Pulitzer prizewinning author of *The Age of Reform* (1955), which charted the great changes in U.S. life from 1890 to 1940, of leukemia in Manhattan.

**Died.** John T. Scopes, 70, Tennessee schoolteacher and central figure in the celebrated 1925 "monkey trial"; of cancer, in Shreveport, La. Scopes challenged a state law forbidding the teaching of Darwin's theory of evolution. The trial produced one of the great confrontations of U.S. legal history, pitting Clarence Darrow the noted civil libertarian, against Prosecutor William Jennings Bryan, famed as a fundamentalist orator and three-time Democratic presidential candidate. For eight days the two argued, in the end, a jury unanimously hot for Genesis as H.L. Mencken reported, found Scopes guilty, and the judge fined him \$100. Tennessee did not repeal the law until 1967.

**Died.** General Lázaro Cárdenas, 75, hero of Mexico, President from 1934 to 1940, and a major power in the ruling Revolutionary Party until his death, of liver disease, in Mexico City. One of the first and most forceful of the Latin American leftist nationalists, Cárdenas enraged Britain and the U.S. in 1938 by expropriating \$450 million worth of oil holdings owned by foreign concerns. When the U.S. retaliated by cutting off silver purchases, Cárdenas agreed to pay some compensation, but continued to seize land owned by Americans. Eventually, Cárdenas redistributed more than 40 million acres to Mexico's peasants.

**Died.** Gladys Mills Phipps, 87, grande dame of U.S. thoroughbred racing; in Westbury, N.Y. The wife of financier Henry Carnegie Phipps, she founded her Wheatley Stable in 1929, hired such famed trainers as Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Bill Winfrey and Eddie Neloy and bred and raced a long list of champions. The greatest of her stallions was Bold Ruler, which grossed \$764,204, winning 23 out of 33 races, then became the sport's leading stud from 1963 to 1969, with progeny that won purses of more than \$12 million.



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## SHOW BUSINESS

### So Proudly We Gross

Politics makes strange box office. A few years ago, the new wave in show biz was the anti Establishment rock musical *Hair* and its tribe of imitators. Now comes the hyper American backlash: *George M!* was a smash on the road and appeared again as an NBC-TV adaptation. The film *Fatton* has grossed \$9,000,000 in nine months. Last week the latest and most patriotic show yet, a musical revue titled *So Proudly We Hail*, was playing at—or all places



JOHNNY MANN SINGERS  
Not even bras!

—the Sahara Hotel on the Las Vegas Strip.

It was not merely one of the supporting lounge acts; they were the "Stopless Topless Skin" and the "Va Va Voom" go-go shows. *So Proudly* was the headline attraction in the hotel's main Congo Room. The nine girls in its 18-member troupe were, of course not topless or even braless, but all in shimmering red and white. Their show was 90 minutes of All-American professionally rendered, "saluting what's good and right in America." They hymned what Choral Director Johnny Mann called "party stuff, sentimental stuff and nostalgia," including Roaring Twenties tunes, a historical recitative an armed-forces medley and (two black members of the company notwithstanding) *Dixie*.

Mann and Co-Producer Jerry Frank, who previously worked together on ABC's *Joy Bishop Show*, always knew

that they would someday hit big cash. Frank says he was inspired by football crowds that "went bananas" during flag-waving numbers at half time and by the emergence of Middle America. "When that man said 'Silent Majority,' he was right. They are silent. Someone has got to make them jump out of their shells and start screamin' because they're just waiting for someone to 've them the spark." Mann's inspiration was more personal. "I'm a ham burger," he confesses. "My greatest joy in the world is to sit home on a Sunday afternoon, listen to a patriotic album or album of alma mater songs, maybe have a drink and just cry."

While the show was in rehearsal, the producers offered it to the Nixon Administration. Their premiere took place at a White House luncheon, and the next gig was a Memphis fund-raising banquet where they played opposite the va-va-voom rhetoric of Spiro Agnew. A follow-up Tennessee State Fair appearance was taped for presentation on the *I'd Sullivan Show*. All that will ultimately lead, Mann hopes, to an original-cast album, a cross-country tour and a weekly TV series. The whole prospect, he says, gives him goose pimples.

### The Princess Who Belched

"She's got an indelicate voice," I remarked. "It's full of—" I hesitated. "Her voice is full of money," he said suddenly.

*That was it. I'd never understood before. It was full of money—that was the inexhaustible charm that rose and fell in it, the smile of it, the cymbals' song of it. High in a white palace the king's daughter, the golden girl . . .*  
—*The Great Gatsby*

Candice Bergen is not the daughter of a king, but a ventriloquist. Otherwise she conveys all the insouciance of F. Scott Fitzgerald's fabled Daisy Buchanan. Beautiful, rich, intelligent and flippant, Candice can well afford drawing-room salutes and wry self-depreciation. Recalling growing up as Edgar Bergen's daughter, she says "One may not turn out exactly normal when you have two wooden dummies for brothers, each with his own room." Or her days with the jet set. "That was a valuable exposure to the ultimate in boredom." Or her screen performances "I'm great at the physical stuff, running, riding, jumping. Acting—that's another story."

Indeed it is but Candice's limited talent has not restrained runaway demands for her services. Now 24, she has starred in eight motion pictures, most of them (*The Group*, *The Sand Pebbles*, *The Adventurers*, *Soldier Blue*) requiring beauty, a Trojan endurance and little artistry. Off-screen, her talents are so plentiful that they almost drive her to diabolism. She has modeled, shot photos

for *Playboy* and written articles for *Vogue*, *Esquire*, *Cosmopolitan* and the *Los Angeles Times*. In *Getting Straight*, Co-star Elliott Gould helped unearth a tantalizing shard of acting ability. She received \$200,000 for a western, *The Hunting Party*, which she has recently finished shooting in Spain with Oliver Reed (*Women in Love*). She has just finished filming Mike Nichols' *Carnal Knowledge* in Vancouver, B.C.

**Demure Deflowering.** Candice is generally hailed as heiress apparent to Grace Kelly, but the princess role does not quite fit. Says she: "Basically I'm the klutz who makes a terrific entrance to the party and then trips and falls and walks around with food in her hair. That ice-maiden stuff is a big defense—it's protection. It keeps a lot of Shriners and creeps away." She greets friends with a breezy "How's your ass anyway?" In casual conversation she may burp, giggle uncontrollably and then tell about the time at Westlake School when she and several girls tried to sing *Happy Birthday* on one protracted belch.

Princess Grace may have dallied with Cary Grant in *To Catch a Thief*. But Candice has been bedded by Elliott Gould in *Getting Straight*, deflowered by Bekim Fehmiu in *The Adventurers* and raped by Oliver Reed in *The Hunting Party*. Recalling TIME's review of *The Adventurers* (March 30), she predicts more of the same for *Hunting Party*. "I can see the reviews now 'Candice Bergen grimaces as she loses her virginity.' All I do in this film is get raped and have orgasms. But I've got the orgasms down pat now. It's your



CANDICE BERGEN



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token ten seconds of heavy breathing, followed by my baroque expression, eyes heavenward."

**Persuasive Offer.** The daughter of that radio favorite who gave you Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, Candice grew up in a Bel Air environment that could have made Little Candy a child star any time she wanted. Little Candy did not want, and instead went to nearby Westlake and to school in Switzerland and eventually to the University of Pennsylvania. College social life bored her (she neither smokes nor drinks), and she spent much of her extracurricular time modeling in New York. Eventually she caught the eye of Director Sidney Lumet, who was casting the film version of Mary McCarthy's *The Group*.

The offer was persuasive. "The people were so bright and articulate," she says, "so unlike the kind of Hollywood film making I detested. Playing the part of a lesbian was the kind of rebellious gesture I enjoyed then." She is equally candid about her attitude toward later roles. She chose *Sand Pebbles* primarily because she wanted to go to the Orient, and confesses, "If I'm hard to take now, I must have been unbearable then. I had this tremendous disdain for my profession and this huge arrogance. She airily admits that she agreed to a role in that \$10 million bomb, *The Adventuresses*, "purely for money." She adds, "Selling out wasn't as hard as I thought it would be." Anyway, making movies "is a layaway plan for my forties. . . means of financing my twilight years."

**Heavy Radicals.** She is already enjoying the spoils of success. She now owns a kind of fun house, the aviary on the old John Barrymore estate in Beverly Hills, complete with six telephones, no working clocks, a zoo of stuffed animals and a desk full of middle-class repair bills. She has taken up the signal cause of her generation—sleeping-in with the Indians at Alcatraz, demonstrating against the ABM. But just as she has nagging doubts about her acting, she is not sure she is going about her reformist duties in quite the right way. During the shooting of *Soldier Blue* she organized a Moratorium Day demonstration in Mexico. She recalls comically: "We met in a drugstore, hatching plans over sundaes. Oh, we were heavy radicals all right."

Self-deprecators are often disillusioned romantics and Candice is no exception. A true Fitzgerald fan, she makes herself weep in films by thinking of Zelda. And like a good Fitzgerald heroine, she has an otherworldly attitude toward beauty, wealth and success. Enchanted dreams are more poignant than fulfilled realities, after all. "My favorite fantasy is *Snow White*," she muses. "The guy comes riding up on his white charger, and they play, *Some Day My Prince Will Come*, and I just go crazy. In real life, the guy comes up on his white horse and has terrible acne. The fantasy is more fun."



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countermeasures program. Write a letter to your governor and to your mayor. Tell them you want your state and your city to cooperate fully in the National Highway Safety Bureau's new Alcohol Safety Countermeasures Program. Your letter could make the difference.



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# BUSINESS



PROFESSIONAL MEN IN JOB-PLACEMENT CLASS AT VAN NUYS, CALIF.

## The New Face of Unemployment

**B**Y the standards of past times of trouble in the U.S. economy, the current unemployment rate of 5.5% is not particularly high. That fact does not, of course, cushion the psychological shock experienced by people who have been fired. Many got their first jobs during the buoyant 1960s, have never been laid off before and do not quite know what has hit them. In many ways, today's unemployed are different from those of earlier years. Though members of minority groups and blue-collar workers are the most vulnerable to layoffs, a surprising number of jobless people are unpoor and unblack.

**White Losses.** All the rise in unemployment during this year's third quarter occurred among whites, the black rate held unchanged at 8.5%. That is 1.7 times as much as the white rate, but the ratio of black to white unemployment usually runs 2 to 1 and is now the lowest in 17 years. One reason is that black workers are concentrated in the service trades and government jobs, where layoffs have been fewer than in manufacturing. Another is that there are not many blacks in the depressed aerospace industry. In addition, black factory workers by now have built up some seniority, so that they no longer fit the cliché of "last hired, first fired."

By contrast, the mostly white construction industry is in a deep slump, outside of a few cities. Unemployment among hardhats in September reached 13.8%, the highest since 1963. White collar workers constitute another group no longer immune to layoffs. Though the unemployment rate among them is only 2.8%, the number of jobless white-collar workers has jumped in the past year from 932,000 to 1,258,000. Unemployment has also been rising fast among workers in farming, lumber, machinery, and even before the strike — the auto industry.

**Executive Layoffs.** Seasoned executives and high paid technicians are feeling the sting of unemployment. The Labor Department reports that the number of jobless "professional and managerial" workers has climbed in the past year from 279,000 to 409,000. In many cities, voluntary job-placement

centers have opened up to teach these men the skills they have forgotten how to write a résumé, how to look for a job, what to do while waiting.

Typically, New Yorker Robert Kertz lost his \$350-a-week job as a senior planning analyst at Eastern Airlines last January; since then, he has worked only two months during the summer as a consultant. Airlines are not hiring, and Kertz finds that no other employers have any interest in him, since he has spent his entire career in that business. He and his wife must try to meet basic living expenses of \$600 to \$700 a month on \$75-a-week unemployment compensation. In Manhattan, Michael Parsons, laid off from a Madison Avenue job, has come up with a solution that might occur only to an adman. He circulates letters proclaiming himself "president and sole employee" of The Adman Works for Bread Inc., and offers to paint studio apartments for \$85 a week, the going rate of about \$200. His letters bravely warn prospective customers to take the bargain before he finds another job.

**Graduating to Joblessness.** Young people are the worst off. Teen-age unemployment has risen in the past year from 12.9% to 16.8%. In September, the jobless rate among men aged 20 to 24 reached 11%, the highest in nine years. Many of the men mustered out of the armed forces this year are still searching for work. For example, Jim Krauland, 23, returned to Seattle in April after spending almost four years in the Marines. "I had been a cook," he says, "so I figured that I would be able to get something in that line without trouble." He found only one temporary job making sandwiches, and he now subsists on \$66 weekly unemployment compensation. "Two friends of mine who got out about the same time that I did are going back into the service because there is no work."

Graduating students can no longer count on a choice of job offers, or even one. Bruce Brunn, 23, prudently began looking for a job last January while he was still a senior at Chicago's Columbia College, seeking any possible position in journalism, advertising or public relations. Some 100 interviews



TODAY'S JOBLESS WORKERS

later, he is a veteran of the jobless rolls, living with his mother and struggling to meet monthly car payments. His \$45-a-week unemployment compensation runs out in December. "It is frustrating, it is maddening," he says. "I went to school four years to learn a profession, and still I cannot get a job. I had to graduate from college in order to be unemployed." He is beginning to wonder if he was really as lucky as he once thought to draw number 365 in the draft lottery.

## PRICES

### Back on the Treadmill

The payoff for rising unemployment was supposed to be a tapering of inflation. That looked reasonable in August, when retail prices rose at an annual rate of only 2.4%. Last week, however, the Government reported that consumer prices in September jumped at a seasonally adjusted annual rate of 6%—almost equal to the fastest pace last winter. The rise, combined with a shrinkage in the average working week, ended a four-month increase in workers' purchasing power. Weekly spendable earnings, measured in 1957-59 dollars, dropped 83¢ in September to \$77.68.

The September price spurt might be a misleading one-month wiggle—as the Administration claims it is. There are disquieting portents, however, that the index in October will be no better, and perhaps worse. The full impact of increases on new cars will be reflected in the October index, and fuel oil prices also are expected to boost the figures.

Food was the fastest riser in September's index. The second largest jump occurred in women's apparel, partly because, in addition to its other disadvantages, the midi is expensive. Presidential Economic Adviser Paul McCracken took some comfort in reporting that the rate of rise in the consumer price index has declined slightly, quarter to quarter, despite the September increase. On the other hand, the more comprehensive price index, the so-called G.N.P. deflator, rose from the second quarter to the third quarter.

The Nixon Administration's insistence that inflation is being curbed no longer convinces all its business supporters. Fifteen chiefs of major U.S. corporations called at the White House early last week to repeat to President Nixon a plea that they had made earlier at the Business Council meeting. Inflation will not be ended, they said, until the Administration does something more to slow wage-and-benefit increases, especially in construction. Increases in major union settlements this year have been averaging 10% annually. The businessmen were not specific about just what action the Administration should take, but they seemed to want more direct and vigorous presidential preachment of wage restraint, especially to Nixon's new found friends, the hardhats.

## CORPORATIONS

### The Colonel's Second Battle

Few episodes in his half century as an industrialist and financier have made Chicago's Henry Crown prouder than the work he did a decade ago at General Dynamics Corp. As executive committee chairman he helped manage the company's recovery from a \$435 million loss on its Convair jetliners, it was the largest financial setback on a single product line ever sustained by a U.S. corporation. Crown felt deeply wounded



HENRY CROWN



DAVID S. LEWIS



ROGER LEWIS

*A victory for tenacity.*

when the company's directors in 1965 and 1966 called in General Dynamics' preference stock, forcing him and his family to sell a \$100 million holding. It seemed like an obvious attempt by the directors to get rid of Crown. He was so hurt that he severed all connection with the company.

Crown thereby lost his first battle for General Dynamics. But this year, the 74-year-old colonel, who served as an Army procurement officer during World War II, took the offensive in a second fight to control the huge troubled defense contractor. Ironically, his chief obstacle was none other than the man he had brought in as General Dynamics' president in 1962, Roger Lewis, 58, who subsequently sided with the faction that forced Crown to sell out.

Last week Crown not only won his fight but did so with a remarkable absence of board-room bloodshed. G.D.'s

directors deposed Lewis as chairman and chief executive; he remains president and a director. To run the company, the board picked David S. Lewis, 53 (no kin), president of thriving McDonnell Douglas Corp. He had apparently tired of waiting for that company's strong-minded chief executive, James McDonnell, 71, to step down and let him take full charge, and he could not resist Crown's challenge to turn General Dynamics around.

**A Matter of Loyalty.** Why did Crown, whose personal wealth is estimated at more than \$400 million, want to re-enter the scene at General Dynamics? Last year profits tumbled from a 1966 peak of \$54 million to \$2,530,000, only one-tenth of 1% of the company's \$2.5 billion sales. G.D. has been plagued by losses in its shipyard division, a controversial products subsidiary, and the controversial F-111 fighter-bomber.

Crown wanted General Dynamics partly out of pride and tenacity and partly as a matter of long loyalty to associates. The son of a Lithuanian immigrant, he started Chicago's Material Service Corp. in 1919 on a borrowed \$10,000. By the time he sold the firm to General Dynamics in 1959—and became a key figure on the board—he had built M.S.C. into one of the world's largest sand and gravel companies. After Crown quit General Dynamics in 1966, many of Material Service's top executives departed in frustration at the way the company was being run. Upset, Crown quietly began buying blocks of General Dynamics common stock. By last May, he and friends had accumulated 18% of the shares for about \$57 million.

**Uneasy Rests the Head.** Wall Street sensed a proxy fight, but Roger Lewis kept the peace by inviting Crown and five allies to join his twelve-man board. Crown became chairman of a newly created executive policy committee. Lewis soon named Crown's son Lester as head of the cherished Material Service. Still, the uneasy alliance was strained when Crown began studying the company's books and found, he claims, that the 1969 profit was partly the result of accounting changes. Though Roger Lewis held a mandate to run the company through 1970, Crown let it be known that he was shopping for a new president. He approached Semon ("Bunkie") Knudsen, the former Ford Motors president, but Knudsen held out for the chairmanship. Six weeks ago, Crown met David Lewis, started dickering and liked him enough to offer him all that Knudsen had wanted.

General Dynamics can use Dave Lewis' talents. An aeronautical engineer (U.C., '39), he worked up from the drafting board to the presidency of St. Louis' McDonnell Co. before its merger with Douglas Aircraft in 1967. Taking charge of the demoralized, loss-ridden Santa Monica airframe maker, he turned it into a profitable operation within two years. To lure him away, Gen-

eral Dynamics reportedly offered him more than \$200,000 a year in salary plus stock options. It is too late for Dave Lewis to revamp the tragic F-111 but aerospace men figure that under him General Dynamics is not likely to stumble into a similar mess again.

## Fighting a Doggy Image

For many travelers, a bus journey of any distance is an ordeal to be avoided, a dreary succession of tacky terminals, long lines and cramped rides in coaches that are often too hot or too cold. In recent years, Greyhound Lines' identity busing's top dog, has made a modest effort to expunge this mangy image and reinstate the bus as a prime passenger carrier. Now, under a 40-year-old president and a group of young vice presidents some still in their 30s, the race for improvement is being speeded up.

A sense of hustle became evident last May when Gerald Trautman, chairman of Greyhound Corp., the conglomerate that owns the bus company, named the line's new president James L. Kerrigan, who had joined the firm at 17 as a clerk. Kerrigan, the father of seven children, is eager to attract more young passengers. As part of this drive, Grey-

hound is popular songs, notably the country music hit *Thank God and Greyhound*. Sample lyrics:

*Now we're here at the station  
and you're getting on  
And all I can think of is—  
thank God and Greyhound you're  
coming*

While railroads and some airlines are dropping short-haul routes, Kerrigan plans to pile on more nonstop runs of 200 to 300 miles. In a "Greyhound Savings Time" ad campaign, the line is stressing the difference in fares between air and bus travel. It notes that a round-trip ticket between Chicago and Detroit is \$27 cheaper by bus than by air. Other sample savings: \$17 between Sacramento and San Francisco, and \$25 between New York and Washington.

Greyhound also wants to bring more affluent passengers to the bus. Kerrigan is expanding a VIP service, which at some terminals enables riders to check their baggage at the ticket counter, leave their coats with a steward, travel nonstop for up to 200 miles and arrive at their destination with nearly the speed of air travel (counting the drive to and from the airport). To save suburbanites the trouble of traveling into

its U.S. facilities, in the last few years it has built 27 terminals and spent \$100 million for new buses, including some wide-bodied "supercruisers." A turbine-engine bus is scheduled to go into service on some routes next year. It will significantly cut noise and vibration, last twice as long as a diesel engine and run without a cooling system, which overheats and now accounts for almost half of the engine failures.

The bus company reported earnings of \$30 million last year up 6.2% from 1968, but the need for improvement is clear. Passenger volume, which amounted to \$326 million last year, no longer covers operating costs. Only a steep rise in the line's package express service made the bus operation profitable. The parent company, Greyhound Corp., has a great deal riding on the carrier's improvement. Though it is now in such varied fields as meat packing (Armour) and computer leasing, almost half of its earnings come from its transportation companies, of which the line is much the largest.

## MANAGEMENT

### Drop that Meat Ax

While corporations are slushing away at executive flab, Robert W. Haack, president of the New York Stock Exchange has come up with a few words of caution about economy drives. Said he in what could rank as the quote of the week: "Moderation, even in cost-cutting, can be a virtue."

In the exchange's quarterly report, Haack noted the upturn in stock trading volume and said that those brokerage firms that have pared personnel and operations selectively "will enjoy a distinct advantage over their competitors when it comes to handling a resurgence of business." His message: companies that have zealously hacked off not only fat but also bone and muscle will feel the pain as business gets better.

## EFFICIENCY

### How Sharp Is A.T. & T.?

For all its celebrated troubles with broken equipment, overloaded circuits, inept operators and backlogged demands for service, American Telephone & Telegraph has retained the admiration of most businessmen for its managerial skill. Now the flaws in performance are prompting the Bell System's critics to question management's ability to plan ahead. Last week Federal Communications Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, one of A.T. & T.'s most outspoken detractors, charged that, instead of finding innovative ways to increase telephone usage and company revenues, A.T. & T.'s managers have adopted policies that "simultaneously produce higher prices and worse service for the public, and lower profits for its shareholders." He added: "You all recall the telephone company. You have to recall



MASON WILLIAMS ON TOUR  
*A metaphor for reality.*

hound sponsored a concert tour by Rock Singer Mason Williams, part of which was made into a NET television show. The company has begun direct service linking a dozen colleges with major cities and has hired student representatives on campus to promote Greyhound. Kerrigan claims that many students view the bus as a sort of folk symbol—a metaphor for reality, a part of the new open-road mystique—and that they refer to travelers who take planes as "plastic people." In the last year, references to Greyhound or bus have bounced up in sev-

the city to catch a bus. Greyhound built satellite terminals near mass transit systems on the edges of Chicago and Cleveland—an idea that it plans to extend to other cities. As a lure for passengers from abroad, Greyhound sells a \$99 foreign-tour ticket that allows non-Americans to travel anywhere on the system for up to 30 days. Meanwhile, the line has started to serve foreigners where they live. It launched a subsidiary in Korea last spring and another in Nigeria last month.

The company is also polishing up

the telephone company. You lose your dime on the first try."

"There is no one whom I have ever been able to discover within AT & T," continued Johnson, "who has a sense of the social-political-economic role of the telephone in a modern industrial society. They can design, promote, distribute and install a Princess telephone that will transmit the human voice. But they are seemingly incapable of thinking about the ways in which people might use that instrument in their lives

because 200 million people can think of a lot more things to do with a communications network than one corporation can think up for them—particularly if it's not thinking."

**Astute Financing.** As a social critic of the phone company, Lawyer Johnson has a plausible-sounding but debatable case. Though charges for local service have risen considerably, AT & T has reduced long-distance rates nine times in the past decade. To lure off-hours traffic, the company offers bargain rates after 5 p.m. Johnson missed the mark by a wide margin when he also accused AT & T of financial blunders. He complained that, to raise the huge sums that it needs, the company had diluted shareholders' equity by depending too much on issuing new stock and too little on borrowing through the bond market while interest rates were low in years past. Replies A.T. & T. Treasurer John Scanlon: "I think he was speaking outside his area of competence."

In fact, Bell began to step up its borrowing five years ago. Despite tight money, the company this year expects to float a record \$4 billion worth of bonds, using many remarkably astute innovations. One idea: to sell \$100 "Ma Bell savings bonds," bearing interest of 6½% or more at phone company offices throughout the U.S. Savings and loan men and Treasury officials, who sell U.S. savings bonds, are afraid of the competition that this would bring to the market. Mindful of such fears, A.T. & T. officials last week decided to turn as usual to the ordinary channels of the bond market for their next \$500 million borrowing. Though investors appear to have lost their former appetite for AT & T. stock, which fell this year to its lowest level in two decades, institutions and individuals still seem eager to buy the company's highly rated bonds.

## AUTOS

### Chrysler Rides Out the Bumps

*Chrysler will always be a boom-or-bust company*

—John J. Riccardo  
President, Chrysler Corp

On the surface, the principal accomplishment of the nation's third biggest automaker this year would seem to have been avoiding disaster. In the first quarter, Chrysler lost only \$29 million rather than the \$40 million that Wall Street had anticipated. In June it rounded up \$800 million of bank credit over a hectic weekend just in time to quiet rumors that holders of short-term notes would push the company down the same road that the Penn Central followed. Last week it reported a third-quarter net of \$1.1 million, off 71% from a year earlier; that left a loss of \$20 million for this year's first nine months.

In fact Chrysler's outlook has improved far more than these bumpy figures might indicate. Fourth-quarter sales

are starting off stronger than at any time in Chrysler history and promise enough profit to haul the corporation into the black for the whole year. The company is now covering its costs well enough to make heavy repayments of short-term debt without drawing on its new lines of bank credit. Debt repayable within a year has shrunk from a mountainous \$673 million last March to a manageable \$369 million now.

**Help from G.M.** The 1971 model year looks like the year of the small



CAFFIERO, RICCARDO, AND TOWNSEND  
Small cars and a little bit of luck.

car, and Chrysler is well positioned to catch the trend. In January, it will begin importing two minicars, the Japanese-made Colt and the English-produced Cricket. Added to the Valiant and Dart, which have captured 37% of this year's compact market, they will give Chrysler the broadest range of small cars offered by any U.S. automaker.

There is a strong element of luck in the turn-around. The strike that has shut down General Motors undoubtedly has helped Chrysler's fourth-quarter sales, and it will also prevent GM's Vega from getting the long sales lead start on the Colt and Cricket that once looked likely. The biggest reason for the improvement, however, is the aggressive direction that Chrysler is getting from the new management of President Riccardo, 46, and Group Vice President Eugene A. Caffiero, 44, who is in charge of auto operations. They took over in January, when former President Virgil Boyd moved up to vice chairman and Chairman Lynn Townsend relinquished control of day-to-day operations. Townsend now concentrates on long-term policy decisions.

**Misplaced Faith.** Riccardo and Caffiero inherited some staggering headaches. Costs were high. Some of Chrysler's cars impressed consumers as un-

FCC'S NICHOLAS JOHNSON IN OFFICE  
Looking for off-hours traffic.

What would be the social impact of universal availability of a low-price long-distance service without a per-call charge? They don't know.

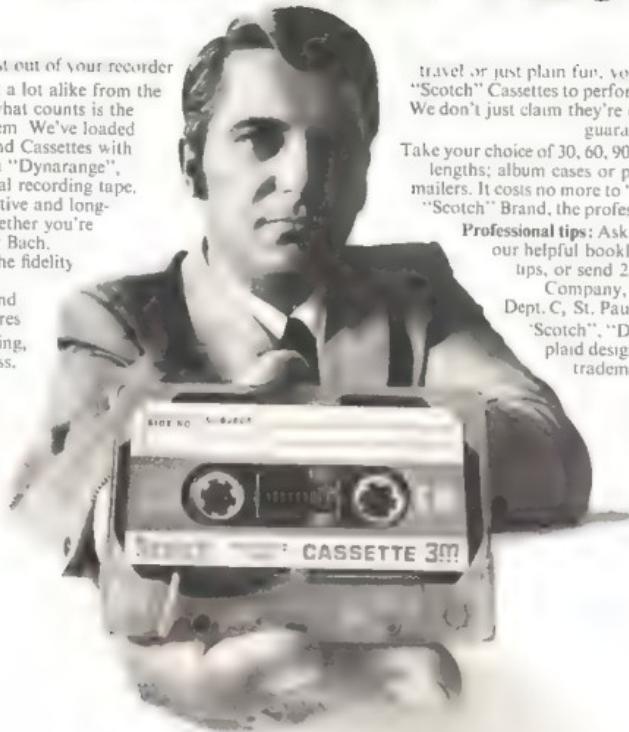
There is a significant peak in telephone usage during the four or five hours around noon every workday. During many of the 20 other hours of the day, the telephone system is almost idle. But the Bell System and the FCC have had great difficulty in responding to this obvious problem. This is especially tragic for Bell's shareholders because with a \$41 billion investment in plant any minute when it is not being used to peak capacity is costing them a great deal in lost profits.

Bell is afraid of anything that has not received its papal imprimatur being plugged into its system. This is like an electric company trying to discourage the installation of air conditioners and washer-dryer combinations. If the phone company would only encourage the use of its system by innovative equipment manufacturers, it would suddenly find 200 million Americans working for Bell on their own time, rather than working against it. The increase in communications traffic would jump enormously.

\* With this article he sometimes rides to work

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imaginatively styled, and quality control had slipped. Worst of all, Chrysler was initially left behind by the market swing to small cars because it had placed an even more stubborn faith than G.M. or Ford in the idea that the American motorist's love for big cars would last forever. During the 1969 model year, only one of its eight plants could produce the compacts.

Ricardo, whose brusque manner irritates some subordinates, likes big cars

—they are more profitable than compacts—but he has been realist enough to shift with the trend, as Townsend and Boyd had begun to do. By now three Chrysler plants have been equipped to turn out compacts. Ricardo and Caffero also launched a brutal cost-cutting program. Among other things, they cut white-collar employment by 3,500, to a total of 66,000, and eliminated 200 budgeted but unfilled managerial jobs. The new managers chopped \$150 million yearly off total costs.

Caffero has devoted particular attention to quality control. For example, he has standardized instrument panels so that workers can learn more easily to build them. He also tours plants to give what amounts to pep talks. That sounds deadly, but the Brooklyn-born Caffero talks the language of the foot-hall-loving auto workers. Instead of speaking about "improving productivity," for example, he talks about "going into the factories and teaching the guys how to block and tackle."

**Late in Europe.** The new managers readily acknowledge that they are a long way from solving all of Chrysler's styling, quality-control or sales problems. The company got into the European sales race late, and bought some troubled manufacturers—notably France's Simca and Britain's Rootes—largely because G.M. and Ford had plucked off the winners. Chrysler's recently unified operations in Britain, France and Spain are still running in the red.

At home, in any industry other than autos, Chrysler's sales of around \$7 billion a year would make it a giant. In

its own field, where it competes against companies that are twice and three times as large, Chrysler is highly sensitive to any changes in the volatile auto market. The ups and downs of demand that would only moderately affect G.M. or Ford stand out boldly in the profit-and-loss figures of the boom-or-bust company.

## FRANCE

### Bread and Wine

France gets a lot of bread from wine—specifically \$1.5 billion a year in domestic sales alone. Wine is also one of the country's most bracing exports, at \$500 million. This year, after a worryingly chilly spring, the weather turned ideal, with just the right blend of sun and showers. As the grape harvest neared its end last week, prospects for the wine business glowed. The bumper crop is expected to yield 57 million barrels of wine, up better than 34% from last year.

**Swimming in Grapes.** In the Champagne district, the vines are more bountiful than at any other time in this century. The profusion of Pinot Chardonnay, Pinot Noir and other Champagne grapes sometimes led to confusion among the vintners. Moet and Chandon and Piper-Heidsieck had to rent Marne River barges to store their vinous overflow. Others used abandoned water towers and even swimming pools. Assessments of the size and quality of the grape crop in other wine districts were only slightly less heady. A spokesman for the Institut National des Appellations d'Origine, the industry's official group, summed up the quality: "For Bordeaux, it is the sort of harvest that comes along every 25 years, for Côtes du Rhône every 15, for Alsace every twelve, for Burgundy every ten, for the Loire every six."

Because of inflation and the tradition of setting prices according to the Institut crop ratings, which are high this year, the rich harvest is unlikely to bring down the price of wine. And the

crop will not have much immediate impact on the U.S. market, despite a drop in the size of the California wine crop, which is down 20% from last year. Beaujolais, the first wine to travel, will not arrive in the U.S. until next March, and this year's Champagne will not be in American shops before 1974. Still, spokesmen for French vintners grow euphoric when discussing prospects in the U.S., their largest single export market. Last year Americans spent \$70 million for French alcoholic drinks; mostly wine. In this year's first half U.S. imports of French wine climbed 30%. The demand for quality wines whether foreign or domestic, is growing faster than supply.

## ITALY

### More State Control

Nobody expected miracles when Cesare Merzagora, an accomplished businessman and former leader of Italy's Senate, took over six months ago as president of Montecatini Edison, the country's largest industrial firm. The Milan headquarters of the overdiversified chemical colossus was torn at the top by a management divided into two hostile camps—representatives of the government's substantial interest and champions of private investors (including the Agnelli and Pirelli families)—which held equal stakes. Directors had hoped that the appointment of Merzagora, 71, would keep both factions in balance and allay fears that the state was aiming for an outright takeover.

Last week, after a five-hour meeting attended by many of the most powerful men in Italian business and state agencies, Merzagora stalked out and resigned. The state, he complained, was seeking domination of the firm. The news sent ripples of concern through Western Europe's business community. Amid rumors of a drastic organizational shakeup, the company's stock scraped a new low. Investors remembered that Giorgio Valerio, a bitter foe of state encroachment, was ousted as president last April by his rivals in the government.

There have been tension and trouble ever since 1968 when two state-run enterprises, ENI and IRI, bought a major block of stock in Montecatini-Edison. The state companies want Italy's chemical industry welded into a cartel strong enough to thwart foreign competitors. The government's men have proved to be far more dynamic and adept at grabbing power than the representatives of private shareholders. Now the state's executives are likely to move into the vacuum created by Merzagora's departure. In Italy, the government already has monopoly control over electric power, telephones, railroads, radio and television. The state also has big interests in shipping, steel, airlines and oil. After last week's flare-up, it seems quite possible that the Continent's biggest chemical concern eventually will be tucked completely into the government fold.

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## CINEMA

### Great Stone Face

The greener the comedian, the more he breaks up at his own material. As he ripens, his laughter becomes muted as his smiles iron out. But outside of rigor mortis, he can never approach the rigidity of the Great Stone Face.

That face can be seen in a remarkable Buster Keaton retrospective soon to go on a U.S. tour. In it are 21 two-reelers and ten features, many unseen for decades. The show, produced by Film Curator Raymond Rohauer, began one afternoon in 1954, when Keaton, then

made," The comparison is inescapable; the two genuses dominated silent comedy. The difference in their styles was marked: Chaplin, the gothic Pagliacci, wore his art upon his sleeve. Much as he wanted laughter, he craved significance more. Keaton was too busy with sight gags to realize that he was a major surrealist.

In *Sherlock Jr.*, he rode the handlebars of a driverless motorcycle. In *Steamboat Bill Jr.*, he flew through the air on a trunkless tree. In *Our Hospitality*, he went over a waterfall. When he employed sleight of lens, it was to achieve effects normally seen only on canvas. In *The Frozen North*, he climbed subway stairs—and emerged in Alaska. In *The Playhouse*, he staged a minstrel show with nine Busters. In the Piran-



KEATON IN EARLY TWO-REELER



IN FAMILY VAUDEVILLE ACT

delloesque *Daydreams*, he left life to climb into a film within a film.

Keaton's career crisis was the oft-familiar chronicle of the silent-screen star undone by talkies. Alcoholism and poverty followed the decline. It was not until the '50s that he was rediscovered and merchandised in Ford commercials and films like *Beach Blanket Bingo*. Such travesties are happily omitted from the Rohauer restoration. Instead, there are the fabulous originals now preserved on celluloid stock—works like *The General*, a Civil War comedy which could have been photographed by Mathew Brady, and the complex and hilarious *Navigator*, deservedly Keaton's biggest moneymaker.

Keaton once confessed that there were two of him. "Me and my understudy, Buster II, Buster II could do anything—play and never get tired, be rich and handsome, never grow old. And write checks until the cows came home." Buster I died worn and neglected in 1966. Buster II is alive and funny, in the best film festival of any year.

• Steven Kasher

59, invited Rohauer to inspect his garage in Los Angeles. "I want to put some electric trains in here," said the man who had never grown up. "You want this stuff?" The "stuff" turned out to be Keaton's masterpieces, filmed on ancient—and explosive—nitrate stock. "I begged him to put out his cigarette before he blew us up," recalls Rohauer, "but Buster just kept saying 'No danger, no danger.'

If Keaton had a coat of arms, that phrase would have been his motto. His father, Vaudevillian Joe Keaton, took Buster into the family act in 1898 at the age of three as "the human mop." Pop literally swept the floor with him. The kid became a great stone pebble, and made hazard a part of his persona.

Savoring Keaton's films, the late James Agee once wrote, "Barring only the best of Chaplin, they seem to me the most wonderful comedies ever

### Overburdened Island

The historical film as a metaphor for contemporary ills has become an overworn convenience. *The Great White Hope* failed because it tried to use the tragic plight of Heavyweight Jack Johnson to illustrate the ugliness of today's racial strife. In its bloody account of an 1864 massacre of a Cheyenne tribe, *Soldier Blue* announced in labored fashion that the U.S. military is more barbaric than it cares to admit. But whatever their weaknesses, both films were at least rooted in historical truth. *Burn!*, by the usually brilliant Italian Director Gillo Pontecorvo (*The Battle of Algiers*), lacks even that validity. Instead, it is a much-too-convenient contrivance for the director's comments on Viet Nam and racial agony.

The setting is the fictitious Lesser Antillean island of Quemaid (Portuguese for "burn") in the 1830s. Sir William Walker (Marlon Brando) is an adventurer employed by the British Admiralty to foment a revolution in the Portuguese colony. Walker realizes that the island's blacks are too downtrodden to grasp political rebellion, so he invites them to participate in something they can appreciate, a bank robbery. He baits a strapping porter named José Dolores (Evaristo Marquez, to sing, then decides he is the man to lead the black bandits. With Machiavellian guile he hides the bandits in a jungle village, reveals their location to the Portuguese military, then watches with smug satisfaction as self-preservation grows into open rebellion. The Portuguese are thrown out, Dolores' army is persuaded to lay down its arms in favor of a white-colonial government, and Walker is off to more devilry. Lest anyone miss the point, Walker tells Dolores, "I don't suppose you've ever heard of the place where I'm going, it's called Indochina."

*Hedged Bet.* To round out the metaphor, Walker is hired ten years later by the British sugar company that controls the island. His job, destroy the guerrilla leader he has created. At the end, of course, Dolores is martyred and Walker is destroyed.

After the debacle of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Brando should have known enough to stay away from tropical adventurism and English accents. He shows vestiges of genius, but his artistry is subordinated to Pontecorvo's ambition. The earnest director further hedged his bet by substituting full-color flora for the grainy reality that made *Battle of Algiers* such a masterpiece. But he partially redeems himself with a typical Pontecorvo touch, transforming Evaristo Marquez, an illiterate cane cutter, into an astonishingly effective actor. The growth of Marquez as a leader, his tortuous grappling with the idea of freedom, are poignant and wholly believable. It is no discredit to Marquez that his raw canebrake emotions have been exploited for superficial political diatribe.

• Mark Goodman

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## Color by the Number

There are some men whose tragedy arises not from what they suffer but what they fail to feel. *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* are such men—and so are those who made the movie.

Fauss (Michael Pollard), a goofy mechanical genius, is the otherwise back-chawed son of a suffocatin' maw and a suffarin' paw. Halsy (Robert Redford) is a full-time motorcycle rider, ego-tripper and ladymuth. But the steatopygous girls who follow him are, as he admits, "gland cases" and "hurting whores." Between race-track rack-ups and sexual hang-ups, the film is crowded with subject but barren of object. It is impossible to hide what never existed; nonetheless Director Sidney Furie seems to be attempting an existential comedy. Local color is dabbled in by the numbers: Maw (Lucille Benson) is comic-strip Steinbeck; Paw (Noah Beery Jr.) sells portable politics which he describes as p.p.s. Fauss is constantly taking ludicrous spills on his bike. Halsy is forever scratching himself, belching, boozing, caroming off lesbians—all the while covering past and future with a threadbare carpet of lies. Sometimes he talks like a daylight cowboy, sometimes like an Okie Voltaire ("Once, it's cool ... twice, it's queer").

None of Halsy's pretensions is quite as labored as the 97-minute one that Furie has concocted. Pollard, an amalgam of chagrin and Silly Putty, is C.W. Mossier than ever. Redford is one of the few actors who can look gaudy wearing nothing but blue jeans. But both characters have infantile psyches, they seem as incapable of sorrow as of happiness. The aimless script is even more anesthetized. Its lame jokes are articulated by stunted heroes and vapid chicks: the half-leading the bland. Though its budget appears generous, the film's editing is cut-rate scenes end in mid-sentence and time is perpetually out of joint.

The film owes its very existence to the recently successful two-man picarades, *Easy Rider*, *Midnight Cowboy* and especially *Butch Cassidy* and the *Sundance Kid*. But like a child aping an elder, it mimics the gestures and misses the point. The viewer can sense behind the film the search for a proven prescription. But such scrambles are self-deceptive. The movie business is too old to live on formulas. *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* evokes the repellent image of an adult pulling on a pacifier.

■ S.K.

## Try Western Union

"You're into the big, clean American sound of WUSA, the sound of a decent generation." The disk jockey is a drunken, apolitical animal named Rheinhardt (Paul Newman), whose job is to plug crypto-fascism for good ole WUSA, a right-wing New Orleans radio station. By night he delivers his spin under the heel of the station's jackboot-minded owner (Pat Hingle). By day he wallows in booze and self pity ("I had it made

and I woke up one morning. I looked down and fell off my life") in the arms of his pathetic paramour, a hooker named Geraldine (Joanne Woodward).

Adapted from *A Hall of Mirrors*, a slice of underworld life by Novelist Robert Stone, *WUSA* is a wayward attempt to chart the depredations of right-wing forces in America. The film, produced by Newman, patently reflects the political views held by him and his wife Joanne. Their social awareness is admirable, but it has led their moviemaking astray. As two of the screen's most talented artists, they could have brought strength to Stone's closely stitched characters. Instead, personality and plot are overridden by politics.

Having saddled themselves with Stuart Rosenberg's direction, the Newmans wander through a series of disconnected episodes. While rising to radio pre-em-



WOODWARD IN "WUSA"

Clash of symbols.

inence, Rheinhardt is plagued by the do-good blandishments of a social worker named Rainey (Anthony Perkins), who is taking a welfare survey in New Orleans' black slums. Rheinhardt underscores Rainey's presence by calling him a corn-pone Christ. Sure enough, Rainey falls to bloody martyrdom in a contemporary Pilate's court—a barbaric red, white and blue rally sponsored by WUSA. Geraldine's symbolic vulnerability propels her to suicide, while Rheinhardt's apathy naturally puts him back on the road to nowhere. It is no secret that virulent ideas infect the U.S. at both extremes of the political spectrum. The Newmans have chosen to level their attack on the right flank; they should have confined their battle to the hustings. To paraphrase a hoary Hollywood adage, messages ought to be sent by Western Union, not fictitious radio stations.

■ M.G.

## Give yourself a pre-Christmas vacation in Aspen!



Enjoy special rates — and more room on the slopes

Early December is a great time for a ski vacation in Aspen. Because the slopes aren't crowded. And the lift lines are shorter.

Best of all, you can enjoy a whole week of the nation's finest skiing at special package plan rates that save you up to 25%.

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Aspen Chamber and  
Visitors Bureau  
Dept. CH-11, Box 739  
Aspen, Colorado  
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Rush me this free brochure, "Ski Aspen," containing complete information on rates, lodgings, restaurants, package plans, ski schools and transportation.

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City \_\_\_\_\_  
State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

## BOOKS

### Dear Mr. Nabokov

MARY by Vladimir Nabokov 114 pages  
McGraw Hill \$6.95

Many thanks for the copy of *Mary*, your first novel. We receive a great many first novels from new authors anxious to have their work appraised in these columns. Unfortunately it is difficult to accommodate all but a small percentage of promising new fiction in our limited space.

In your case, there is an added difficulty. *Mary* appears to have been written 45 years ago in Russian. Furthermore, your introduction contains many things that the average English-speaking reader may have trouble with. You say, for example, that the novel was originally titled *Mashenka*, with the accent on the first *a* (pronounced as in *ask*) and a palatalized *n* as in *mignon*. Even among my colleagues, all of whom pronounce *mignon* correctly, your instructions caused a considerable phonetic tangle, not to mention knots of rather nasty plosives and fricatives.

In addition, you refer to certain similarities between your own recollections, which you note having recorded in some sort of memory book, and those of Gannin, the main character in *Mary*. You seemed puzzled at having found that many of said details were more vivid in their fictional context than when you set them down years later as autobiography. However, your explanation that Gannin was closer in time to the details than you were as an autographer is too hasty. May I direct your attention to *Ada*, a bestseller about time and memory in which an elderly gentleman conjures up his distant past with the most palpable details imaginable.

Apart from such matters, there remains the remoteness of *Mary's* subject and theme. A 1924 Berlin boardinghouse full of colorful Russian émigrés simply does not have the broad appeal of *Hôtel*. And your hero, who has been forced to flee Russia, where he apparently enjoyed a privileged life, is not likely to attract much sympathy today.

Nevertheless, *Mary* does show a great deal of talent. Gannin's sweet memories of pre-Revolution Russia and of his love encounters there with Mary are very promising. The sense of intimacy and sadness is worthy of Chekhov. Your descriptions of the countryside would have been the envy of Turgenev. May I commend you especially on the book's inventiveness and control. Having the depressed Gannin find new vitality through his memories while awaiting Mary's arrival from the Soviet Union creates a natural suspense of great force. Making Mary the wife of a bland squirt who also lives at the boardinghouse ensures a tasty intrigue. And finally, having Gannin realize that Mary and Russia can never be repossessed except by



GARRY WILLS AT PLAY

#### Aesthetic judgment v. argument.

memory, establishes a motif that certainly warrants fuller development in any other novels you may be planning to write. Next time, however, please try to get the book to us sooner.

Yours truly,  
R.Z. Sheppard

### A Hiss for Horatio Alger

NIXON AGONISTES, THE CRISIS OF THE SELF-MADE MAN by Garry Wills 617 pages Haughton Mifflin \$10

It is too early to evaluate Richard Nixon's presidency. In this discursive, bewildering and occasionally brilliant exercise, Garry Wills, a classicist-turned-journalist, writes, instead, about the idea of Nixon and the idea of the nation that elected him.

Wills' Nixon is a metaphor for "an

HOLLOW AND HI-TECH



PRESIDENT NIXON IN CARICATURE

older, and in many ways noble, America, made up of much sacrifice and anger." Yet Nixon's ascension to power, says Wills, is precisely a measure of the nation's failure, the bankruptcy of the Horatio Alger virtues and the supply-and-demand marketplace ethics that built this country.

The system of free competition, Wills argues, has crumbled under the weight of the corporate, governmental and moral systems that it created. It is no longer free. "Entry into competition," writes Wills, "becomes a matter of sheer improbable chance. The real market, where a man can amount to something, is disappearing." But with Nixon, "there was one hope left, a glimpse of the old code and toughness, of salvation lubricated in all its pistons by desperate, successful perspiration, a 'local boy who made good'... . RICHARD NIXON steam-engineering down the track, somehow un-deerated by history, cheered by those hoping he could re-establish the copybook maxims he lived by."

Nixon, says Wills, is "the last liberal." That is, he is liberal in the classical tradition—an individual, schooled to success and self-discipline, taking his chances in an impartial marketplace of goods and ideas. Wills sees Nixon as both caricature and culmination of the traditional theory that free competition will reward virtue and produce excellence. He is "Plastic Man," a dogged survivor of political enterprise, Whittier College's second-string lineman bathed in a Calvinist sweat of guilt and zeal, the political reincarnation of Uriah Heep.

**Unfree Enterprise.** It is not difficult to predict the outrage that Wills' book will detonate in Spiro Agnew—to say nothing of Nixon himself. Wills attacks *ad hominem* and sometimes quite unfairly—even granting the license of political satire. In one unpleasant lapse, for example, he describes Pat and Dick Nixon getting married: "The serious young man, son of a Quaker saint, docilely lines up at the marriage mart, where all the goolest extras—orange blossoms, 'O Promise Me' illusion veils—cover the emptiness of the transaction." It is both Wills' method and mistake to insert his aesthetic objections to Nixon into substantive arguments.

Republicans may also notice that it is mostly they who are cartooned, sometimes brilliantly (see box). Still, Wills writes with respect and admiration of Dwight Eisenhower, whom he considers "a political genius." He makes fun of John Kennedy for his "stylistic imperialism," a militaristic impulse that, Wills says, was more highly developed than Nixon's.

As theory, Wills' perception of the injustices and frustrations caused by the free-market mystique is useful. And he offers a rather vague vision of an alternative society, pleading for "a period of intense experimentation" with different forms of community. He tends to slight the evolution that the nation—and with it, Richard Nixon—has un-

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But if Italy isn't enough skiing for you we'll throw in a couple of countries like France and Austria and Switzerland. No matter where you want to go, Alitalia Airlines can help you out. In fact, we've got enough different ski packages to satisfy any skier's dream. And wallet.

So send for our brochures with our coupon. The natives call the Italian Alps the sunny side of the Alps. You'll call it the inexpensive side, too.

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(Offi Ski Company's New Mark I.)

For a free brochure on all the places you can go skiing with Alitalia, write your travel agent or mail the coupon to Ski Director, Alitalia Airlines, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. Or better yet, call us free from anywhere in continental United States toll-free 800-233-2395. In New Jersey, call collect (201) 488-1234

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# Share Tuesday with a friend.



**Teacher's**  
The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y. Importers

dergone. He sees the New Deal, for example, as a mere readjustment to include more players in the competitive game. But the shift in money and political power of the '30s was profound. The competitive game was qualitatively changed. Workingmen could and did begin earning the money to buy houses—and eventually hard, political hats.

The reportage of *Nixon Agonistes* is often more interesting than its ideology. Much of the territory has been trod before, but with his stylistic gift—a broad sense of satire wedded to an acute political intelligence—Wills makes even his recapitulations entertaining. Wills goes spelunking into Nixon's Whittier prehistory and there finds Frank Nixon, his father, "gloomy and argumentative, black Irishman moving in cloud, with frequent lightnings out of it." His

## A Wills Sampler

**NELSON ROCKEFELLER.** "First-generation millionaires tend to give us libraries. The second and third generation think they should give us themselves. (Naturally, some people want to look like a gift horse in the mouth—which may be the reason Rockefeller keeps his teeth on display.)

**BARRY GOLDWATER** "His backers said, 'Barry has an inferiority complex.' He did not. He had an inferiority simpler—the plain knowledge, never shirked, that he is a lightweight. And he loved his country too much to put it in the hands of a lightweight."

**GEORGE WALLACE.** "All energy and strut . . . he has the dingy attractive air of a B-movie idol, the kind who plays a handsome garage attendant . . . He gives little-boy salutes, snapped off at the end. Wash your-windshield!"

**SPERO AGNEW.** "He has a neckless, lidded flow to him, with wrap-around hair, a tubular perfection to his suits or golf outfit, quiet burbling oratory. Subaqueous. He was almost out of sight by campaign's end; but a good sonar system could hear him burrowing ahead, on course."

**NIXON AND EISENHOWER.** The relationship "was like a Calvinist's relation to God, or Ahab's to the whale." After the Checkers speech, "there would never be any trust between them." In the speech,

Nixon was forced to a public accounting of his finances. But all through his career he has given us public accountings of his moral state . . . I think this explains the vague dislike for Nixon that many experience. It is not caused by any one thing he has done or omitted, but by an oppressive moralism and air of apology."

# Will you give a lion a home?

Many animals kill; only man destroys.  
He has already wiped out over 100  
animal species.

And others (rhino, leopard, etc.)  
are in jeopardy.

The agony is that once a species  
is gone, it is gone forever.

In Tanzania, on the plains of the  
Serengeti, is one of the last places  
on God's green (?) earth you still see  
wild animals in migration.



Drawn by tides of instinct,  
Wildebeeste and Zebra,  
Eland, Tommies and Grant's  
gazelle, in hundreds of  
thousands to the horizon,  
cross and recross the  
Serengeti Plain.

And among them lives  
the African lion.

You can camp out in the Serengeti;  
sleep to the night music of the  
hunting lion, wake to landscapes  
savage and serene.

You shoot pictures; no guns allowed.

You meet zoologists, ecologists,  
wardens (many were hunters who  
put down their rifles), serving and  
studying in this unique laboratory.

Most men, of course, will never get  
to Serengeti (indeed, 7 out of 10  
Tanzanians have never seen a lion, as  
New Yorkers have never seen a cow).

But Serengeti—and the lions—exist.  
(Can you imagine a world without  
lions?) And they belong to all of us.

To run the Serengeti National Park,  
to carve out new wildlife refuges, to  
guard against the ubiquitous poacher,  
costs money.

Not much; the cost of a destroyer  
would sustain Tanzania's parks for  
100 years. But Tanzania isn't rich.  
So friends of the Serengeti help.

They believe there is a unity between  
man and nature that must be  
preserved.

Men raised fortunes to lift Abu Simbel  
statues above the Nile; to restore  
flood-damaged Florentine art.

All well and good. But here is an  
equal inheritance for our children  
and their children: African wildlife  
in its last chance on earth.

For something will be lost when the  
elephant no longer roams the bush  
and the lion is gone from the plain.

And when it is lost, it is lost forever.  
Will you help?

Send your contribution  
(tax deductible) to

**African Wildlife Leadership Foundation**  
1250 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

\$300 reclaims a square mile;  
our goal is 1200 sq. mi., the size of  
the King Ranch. 50¢ an acre to  
give a lion a home.

# Introducing a stereo receiver that filters out the double talk.



All receivers are built with filters in their FM tuner sections. They're used to filter out noise and unwanted station signals. To eliminate station overlaps—to eliminate the double talk

But filters differ

Ordinary receivers are built with adjustable wire-wound filters that occasionally require periodic realignment. And unfortunately, they are not always able to separate two close stations

So we built Altec's new 714A AM/FM stereo receiver with 2 crystal filters

Because they give you better selectivity

More precise tuning

And no double talk

In addition, we precision align our crystal filters and guarantee they'll stay that way—forever

Why don't all receivers use 2 crystal filters?

Because they're expensive

But we think they're worth it

And they're one good example of how our new 714A stereo receiver is built a little better

Altec's new 714A AM/FM stereo receiver sells for \$399.00

It's rated at 180 watts IHF music power

And it's at your local Altec dealer now

Write for a complete new catalog which includes all our new stereo components—including a new tuner pre amp, new music centers and bi-amp speaker systems. Altec Lansing, 1515 South Manchester Avenue, Anaheim, California 92803

Built a little better.



late mother. Wills reports, displayed a "colored photo-portrait of Richard, which was, when one threw the switch, lit electrically from behind like a hamburger king's." There is some truth but also a certain theatrical silliness in Wills' conclusion: "Nixon is at the mercy of his past, without quite possessing it."

All along, there seems to be revolution hatching in Wills' prose. It is odd, then, after 600 pages, to find him in a mood of mild conciliation. "There are signs that history, having made ours a great nation, may now be in the process of unmaking us—unless we can tap some energies for our own renewal." Having damned the Horatio Alger society from the pulpit, Wills ends by taking up a collection for self-improvement

■ Lance Morrow



CONGRESSWOMAN SHIRLEY CHISHOLM  
*Enforcing the laws we already have.*

## Shirley in Wonderland

UNBOUGHT AND UNBOSSED by Shirley Chisholm, 177 pages Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95

Just two years ago, a virtually unknown 43-year-old ex-nursery-school teacher from Brooklyn became the first black woman in U.S. history to be elected to Congress. Her triumph should have been no surprise, as this short, plainly written autobiography and political manual makes clear, for Shirley Chisholm had long operated as a combined raddly and worker in the ruthless hives of New York ward politics. Slated for easy re-election this month, the tiny, ramrod-straight Congresswoman promises to become increasingly visible as a forthright spokesman for two national constituencies, blacks and women.

Like a surprising number of black politicians, Congresswoman Chisholm is of West Indian descent. Island blacks, she explains, are able to meet whites on an almost equal footing, having less fear

# YOU'RE BEING ROBBED!

Virtually every time that you spend money, whether at the supermarket, department store, drugstore, or gas station, you're being ROBBED! You're being duped, hoodwinked, and milked out of the full value of your money by a combination of deceptive selling techniques that include Madison Avenue double-talk, mendacious salesmanship, and insidious labeling and packaging ploys. Senator Warren Magnuson, the most alert consumer watchdog in Congress, says that deceiptive sellers is today's "most serious form of theft, accounting for more dollars lost each year than robbery, larceny, arson, embezzlement, and forgery combined." Sidney Margolius, the dean of American consumer writers, asserts that "Never in the 30 years I have been reporting on consumer problems has the public been as widely and steadily exploited as today." And Ralph Nader, the nation's most renowned champion of consumer rights, states that "Nowdays consumers are being manipulated and defrauded not just by marginal fly-by-night operators, but by America's big-chip business firms." In short, common, flagrant robbery is rife throughout the nation and the American consumer is being victimized unless he never buys. As a partial antidote to this widespread fraud and deception, an intrepid, authoritative, new publication has been launched. Its name is Moneysworth.

Moneysworth, as its name implies, aims to see that you get full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best buys (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, and the like); it offers tips on how to save money (they will astound you with their ingenuity); and it counsels you on the management of your personal finances (telling not only how to gain maximum return on your investments and savings, but also how to protect your money against the ravages of inflation). In short, Moneysworth is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer—all in one.

Perhaps the best way to describe Moneysworth for you is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

**Earn 12% on Your Savings (Fully Insured)**

**How to Buy A Car for \$125 Over Dealer's Cost**

**Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company**

**The Advantages of a Swiss Banking Account**

**The New U.S.-Made Mairca: An Evaluation**

**14 Recession-Wrecked Cities Where Real Estate Is Selling for a Penny**

"Consuming Fire"—Moneysworth takes aim at companies that are defrauding the public.

**Unsafe at Any Height**—A comparison of the safety records of America's airlines.

**A Consumer's Guide to Marijuana**

**Free Land and Free Money from Uncle Sam Stocks That Are on the Rebound**

**Send Your Child to College Abroad**

**The Moneysworth Co-operative Details of a Price-Discount Co-op (for purchasing typewriters, cameras, and the like) that Moneysworth Subscribers Automatically Become Members of.**

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**High-Priced Lemons**—Mechanical failures on brand-new Imperials, Continentals, and Cadillacs.

**The Link Between Heart Attack and Crime**

**The Economics of Being Black**

**Cashing In on Canada's New "Floating" Dollar Cylcates: Did America Overreact?**

**How to Buy Art Without Getting Framed**

**Critic's Consensus**—A regular feature of Moneysworth in which the opinions of leading book, record, and film critics are tabulated.

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**"Unit-Pricing"**—The most revolutionary development in food stores since trading stamps.

## The Effect of Air Pollution on Potency

**The Great Odometer Gyp**—How rent-a-car companies take the American public for a \$10-million-a-year ride.

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**12 Ways to Put the Touch on Friends**—And 12 ways to demur.

## How to Buy Medical Insurance Without Trauma

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## Social Security's Special Rules for Women

### How Maternal Death

**Life Insurance: A Legalized Swindle**—A Hartford actuary tells why he believes that "more than 90% of American policies are sold through misrepresentation, deceit, and fraud."

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## How to Handle Computerized Billing Letters

**Taxproof Money**—A collection of highly creative, little-known, perfectly legal gimmicks.

**How to Distinguish Health from Hokus at the Health Food Store**

## Blindness Caused by Contact Lenses

**Don't Buy U.S. Savings Bonds**—Why they make a terrible investment, how they undermine sound government fiscal planning, and why one leading investment authority says, "They are palmed off mainly on rubes and fatso's books."

**G.E.'s New Synthetic Diamonds: Will They Ruin the Value of Real Diamonds?**

## The Truth about Cut-Rate Gasolines

### "No-Fault" Insurance Clarified

**Checking Up on Your Social Security Account**

**That's the Spirit**—Big bargains in booze, beer, and brandy.

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**Free Checks**—A list of 200 banks that allow unlimited writing of personal checks.

## Boozie Birth-Control Pills

**When in Doubt, Deduct**—The ten most common forms of income-tax overpayment.

## \$99 Fares to Europe

In sum, Moneysworth is a hip, trustworthy financial mentor. It reflects the quintessence of consumer sophistication.

In format, Moneysworth is a newsletter. It is designed for instantaneous communication and readability when you're shopping. It is published *fortnightly*, and contains all the up-to-the-minute information in Moneysworth will always be up-to-date. Product ratings will appear precisely when you need them most (automobiles and sailboats will be rated in the spring, for

example, and Christmas gifts and ski equipment in the fall).

In style, Moneysworth is concise, pragmatic, and above all, useful. It is also completely forthright. Moneysworth does not hesitate to name brand names (whether to laud or lambaste them), to identify big corporations when they gouge the public, to quote the actual prices and discounts that you are entitled to and should be getting. Moneysworth is afford to be this candid because it carries no advertising whatsoever. It is beholden to no one but its readers.

The editors of Moneysworth are a team of hard-nosed, experienced journalists. The editor-in-chief is Ralph Ginsburg, creator of the flamboyant magazines Fact, Eros, and Avant-Garde. Mr. Ginsburg was the first editor to provide a platform for Ralph Nader to express himself on the subject of automobile safety. Moneysworth's publisher is Frank R. Brady, generally regarded as one of the publishing industry's shrewdest financiers. Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer, is Moneysworth's art director. Together, these men will produce the first—and only—consumer magazine with *charisma*.

Moneysworth is available by subscription only. Its price is \$10 a year. However, right now you may order a special introductory Charter Subscription for ONLY \$5! This is HALF PRICE!

Moreover, we are so confident that Moneysworth is indispensable to you that we are prepared to make what is probably the most generous subscription offer ever in history: We will absolutely and unconditionally guarantee that Moneysworth will increase the purchasing power of your income by at least 15%—or we'll refund your money IN FULL. In other words, if you now earn \$10,000 a year, we'll guarantee that Moneysworth will increase the value of your income by at least \$1,500—or get your money back. As you can see, a subscription to Moneysworth is an absolutely foolproof investment.

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$5 to: Moneysworth, 110 W. 40th St., New York, New York 10018.

We urge you to act at once. Stop being robbed and start getting your Moneysworth.



I enclose \$5 for a one-year subscription to Moneysworth, the authoritative new consumer newsletter. I understand that I am paying only HALF PRICE! Moreover, Moneysworth guarantees that it will increase the purchasing power of my income by at least 15% or I will get my money back IN FULL.

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**DEXTER M. MEANS**

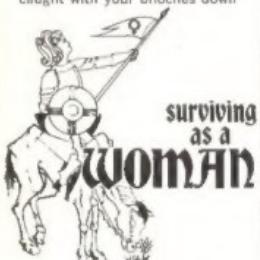
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a member of the America Group  
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### **the compleat woman's guide**

How to keep your chin high, your courage up, and never be caught with your brioches down



### **by Betty Canary**

Any woman with one husband, five children, and a nationally syndicated newspaper column better have a sense of humor. And does she! The proof is in every page of this hilarious guide to surviving as a woman, wife, and mother in the 1970s. (Make the man in your life buy you a copy. It will serve him right.)

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\$5.95

**Regnery**

114 West Illinois Street, Chicago 60610

and hatred of them than do many American blacks. Mrs. Chisholm herself never heard racial slurs till she was twelve years old, but she absorbed from her father, a passionate disciple of Marcus Garvey, a sense of black pride and responsibility. Shirley got her early schooling in Barbados while living on her grandmother's farm and attending a strict, British-style grade school. The students sang *God Save the King* every morning, studied British history, and got plenty of floggings. In fact, Shirley received just the kind of upbringing that Spiro Agnew seems to admire.

Back in Brooklyn, her father, Charles St. Hill, worked in a burlap-bag factory. Her mother had to do domestic day-work, but the St. Hill girls were nevertheless strictly supervised. In the early 1940s, if Shirley's high school friends were not out of the house by 10, her mother marched into the parlor in her nightgown and started pulling down the window shades. Sunday meant morning, afternoon and evening services at the English Brethren Church, a small, Quaker-like sect.

Shirley got such good grades at Brooklyn's half-white Girls' High that she won scholarships to Vassar and Oberlin. But she went to Brooklyn College so that she could live at home, and eventually won her master's degree in "early childhood education." In 1949, she married Conrad Chisholm, a Jamaican who worked for a private security bureau. Shirley taught nursery school for years, in 1959 finally became the supervisor of ten New York City day-care centers with a budget of \$400,000. Meanwhile she was active in various Democratic clubs and jumped into politics full time when she was elected a state assemblywoman in 1964.

After four years in Albany, she made it to Washington, where she was promptly assigned to Agriculture's Rural Development and Forestry Subcommittee. As the representative of one of the country's worst urban slums, Shirley would have none of it. She telephoned Speaker of the House McCormack. "If you do not assist me, I will have to do my own thing," she announced. "Your what?" the startled septuagenarian asked. "It means I will do what I have to do, regardless of the consequences." Shirley was switched to Veterans' Affairs. Actually, as she well knew, illogical committee assignments are routine for House freshmen. But Mrs. Chisholm has cultivated a winning, if somewhat wily innocence that makes her seem, at least in this campaign-year book, like a sort of Shirley in Wonderland, a lonely creature of common sense, stubborn integrity and imagination battling a world gone awry. Some observers, of course, see her otherwise. "You know, she's crazy!" she overheard one of her colleagues say after she announced in her maiden speech that she would vote no on any bill that provided any funds whatsoever for the Department of Defense.

Mrs. Chisholm has often stated that

she has been more discriminated against as a woman than as a black. But her book suggests that her fighting priorities are for her fellow blacks. Racism in the U.S. is so normal that it is invisible, she says, and President Nixon, who deals so grudgingly with the problem, is a symbol of "nearly every one of the deep-seated and tragic flaws of this society." Mrs. Chisholm claims to have been radicalized by her frustrations, but her voice is still that of a reformer. Not that she wants to pass any more legislation for a while. Her recommendation, typically down to earth, is that the U.S. should now enforce the laws it already has.

\* Ruth Brine

### **When the Ears Have Had It**

**CEDARHURST ALLEY** by Denison Hatch. 250 pages. Eriksson. \$6.95.

**Problem:** Your newly acquired \$70,000 family home in fashionable Cedarhurst, Long Island, turns out to be right under the most popular jet approach alley to J.F.K. Airport; the planes banshee by at 600 ft. so often that your 21-year-old daughter is driven autistic. **Solution:** float a war-surplus barrage balloon 1,500 ft. above the house and let the jets squall where they may.

It is a great idea as a stunt in civil disobedience. But as a book, the balloon does not hold up quite so well, though it may fascinate people who daydream about becoming system saboteurs. Author Hatch has helped his story by including a fine short course on the myths and truths about jet planes, their noise and their impact on human beings. One old saw neatly skewered: the aviation industry's contention that man can adjust to any noise level. That is simply medically false. In response to such facts, sufferers of noise pollution can only sound a loud "Hear! Hear!"

\* José M. Ferrer

### **Best Sellers**

#### **FICTION**

1. *Love Story*, Segal (1 last week)
2. *Crystal Cave*, Stewart (2)
3. *Islands in the Stream*, Hemingway
4. *Play It As It Lays*, Didion
5. *Great Lion of God*, Caldwell (3)
6. *The Child from the Sea*, Goudge (8)
7. *God Is an Englishman*, Delderfield (5)
8. *Rich Man, Poor Man*, Shaw
9. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (6)
10. *The Secret Woman*, Holt (4)

#### **NONFICTION**

1. *The Sensuous Woman*, Jell (1)
2. *Inside the Third Reich*, Speer (3)
3. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, Reuben (2)
4. *Popillia*, Charrière
5. *Body Language*, Fast (4)
6. *Future Shock*, Toffler (5)
7. *Zelda*, Milford (7)
8. *The Wall Street Jungle*, Ney (8)
9. *Sexual Politics*, Millett (9)
10. *Civilisation*, Clark

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